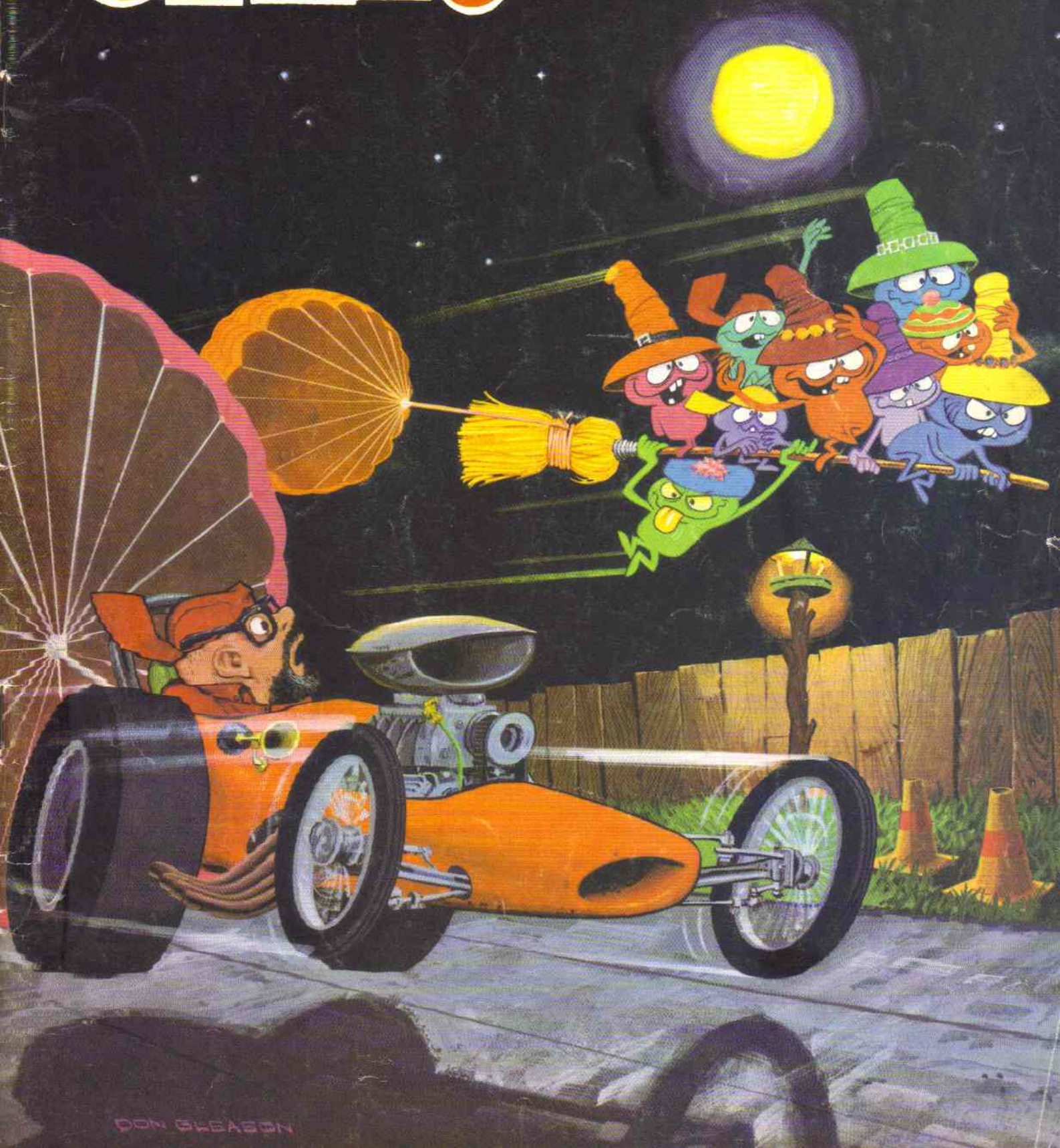
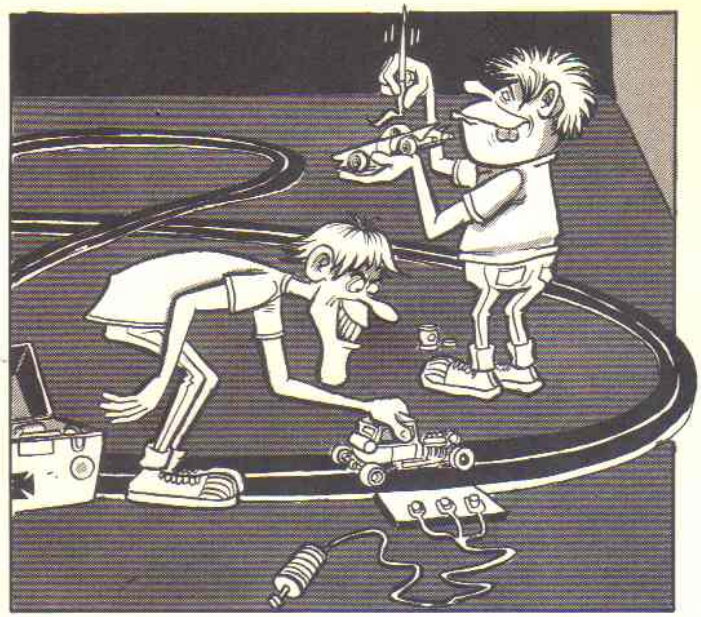
CARTOONS

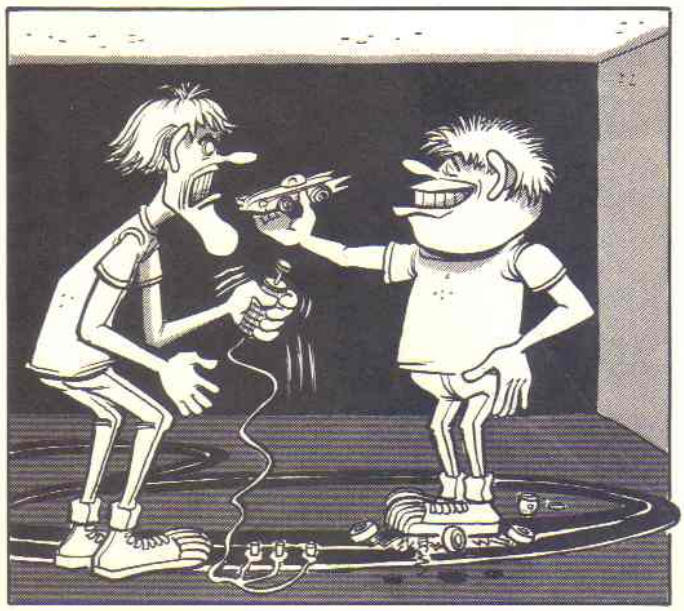
OCTOBER 1965

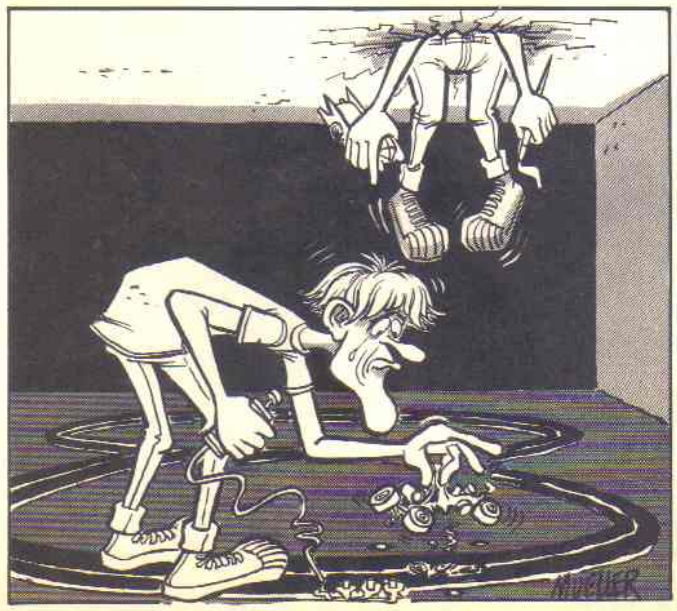
35¢



HOT SHOO







CARtoons

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OCTOBER 1965

Number Twenty-Five

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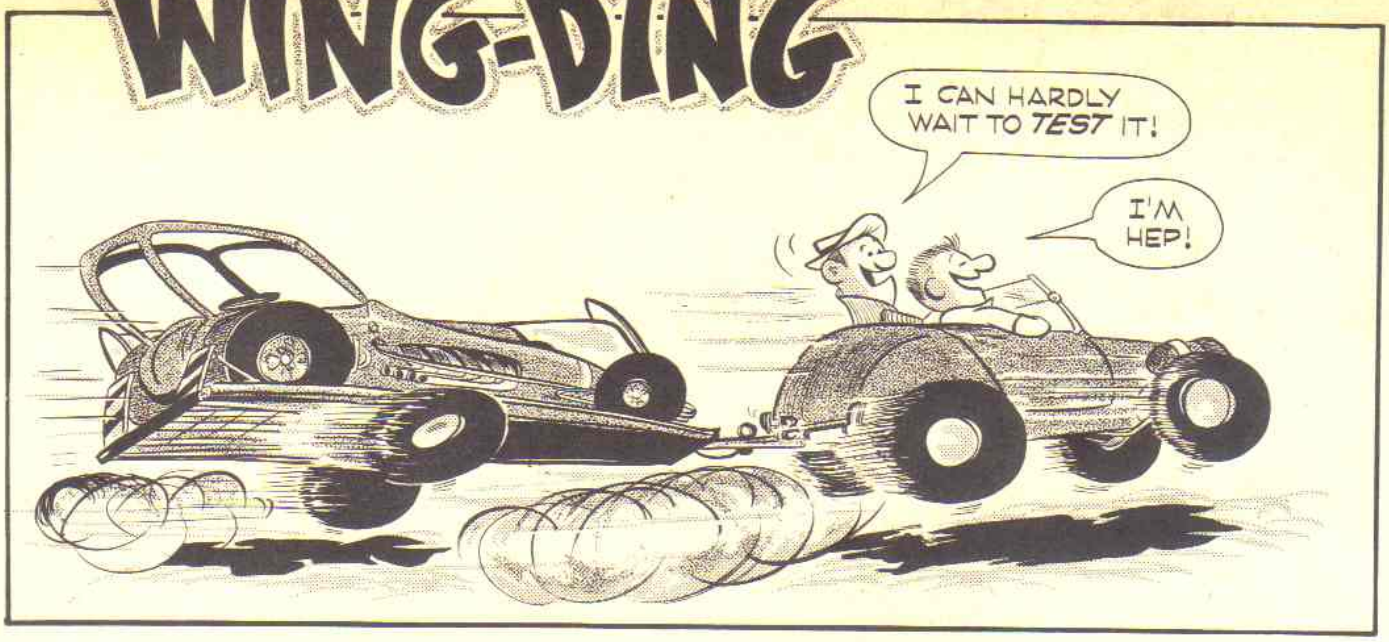
GRIFFIN

CHEAP SKATES
HERE IT IS... OUR LATEST SKATEBOARD, GENTLEMEN.
IT LOOKS SAFE TO ME...JUST HOW SQUIRRELY IS IT?
HEH, HEH, IT COMES WITH ONE WILD WHEEL THAT COMES OUT'A SHAPE AND DUMPS THE RIDER FLAT ON THE CONCRETE! HEH! HEH! HEH!!
IT MIGHT BE SAFE LIKE THE LAST ONE WE TESTED! LET'S SEE IT IN ACTION!
O.K. GRIMES, GIVE IT ALL YUH GOT.
KRASH
JUST LOOK AT THE SKIN HE PEELED!!
GREAT!
WILD!
YEAH!
CRAZY!
WELL DONE, GRIMES, YOU SHOULD MAKE VICE PRESIDENT!
HANDY DANDY BANDAGE CO.
JIM GRUPE

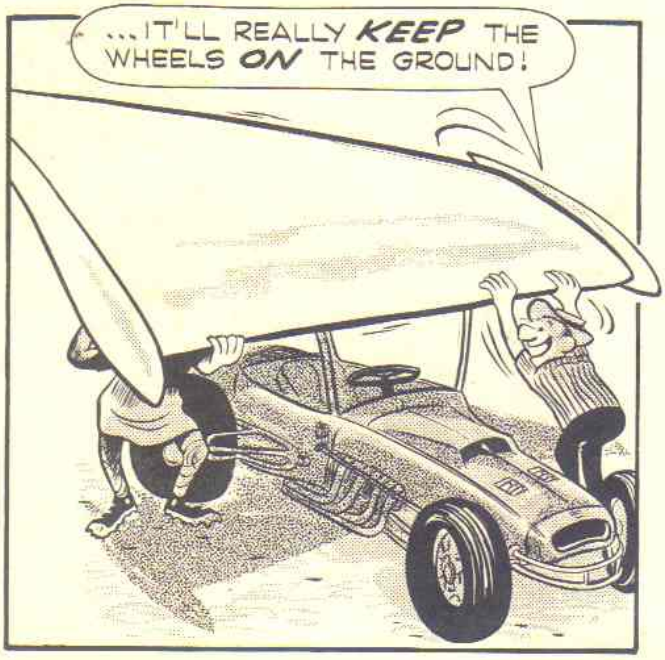
UNKITORIAL

"HI, YA ROTTEN LIL' READER-TYPE ROWDIES I KNOW YA BEEN WONDERIN' IF YOUR OL' UNK WAS JES PUTTIN YA ON ABOUT HAVIN' A SKOOTIN' TOOTIN' SKATEBOARD KLUB, AN' I GUESS YER GITTIN' KINDA TIRED OF WAITIN' FER SUMPIN' TO HAPPEN BUT YA GOTTA REMEMBER THAT THESE THINGIES TAKE A LITTLE TIME. RED TAPE AIN'T THE EASIEST STUFF IN THE WORLD TO GIT UNTANGLED AN' OUR KRAZY OL' PLANNED SKATEBOARD KLUB IS UP TO ITS RAFTERS IN RED TAPE RIGHT NOW. GIMMIE A LIL' WHILE LONGER AND WE'LL HAVE THE BESTEST SKATEBOARDIN' TYPE ORGANIZATION EVER JOINED! SURE HOPE YA ROWDIES DIG THIS ISSUE OF MOOGALOONIE. THEM SWINGIN' TALENT TYPES (CARtoonies), THEM MISERABLE VARMINTS AN' ME WHOMPED THE WHOLE NUTSY MESS JES' FER YOU!"
TO HECK WITH REGULATION
HWR
THAT SIDE UP!
OUCH
CARL KOHLER / DON GLEASON

WING-DING


I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO *TEST* IT!
I'M HEP!

YOU DON'T THINK WE WENT APE ON THIS WING?
NAW...


...IT'LL REALLY *KEEP* THE WHEELS *ON* THE GROUND!

YOU'RE RIGHT... WE GOTTA *TRIM* IT!
BONESTELL

Moogaloonie Mailbag

Like, I just got hold of your latest rag mag (June). I think it's the tuffest, funniest conglomeration since the ice age. I got one complaint, why don't you print more issues a year instead of just six. I think that skateboard club is boss, as a matter of fact, your whole mag is "in the IN group" and "in the right groovey." Put more trash in about slot racing and them wild wheels and varmints because them varmints are really moogaloonie. Keep them presses running in the right direction.

BRIAN WILLIAMSON
Rt. 1, Box 389
Proctorville, Ohio

That's exactly wot I keep yelling at them printers!

Since I've been reading the letters in this mag, I thought I would get in the groove and be hip like the others. Your Moogaloonie mag is funnier than gum! Every time I read your mag I roll around on the floor for an hour or two. I just got done reading your mag and I got one question. In the June '65 issue on "Dread Letter Day," I would like to know what does "Mucho Gracias" mean? Keep up the good work on those foto funnies. Those are my favorite! I about broke my arm when I rolled off the bed reading those "Laff City" jokes! Oh, one more thing, if I'm not here when I get back, tell me to wait. Let's see ya figure that one out.

GARY EDWARDS
Rt. 3 — Box 89-B
Medford, Oregon

Man, I'm confused enough as it is now.

Ya sure got a really big mouth, don't ya Unk, sayin' all them word-types in one lil'mouthful of oxygen-type. Ya got to watch them thingies, ya might faint or sumpin'. I kin' tell ya that I wuz goin' to write in to tell ya that if ya didn't get rid of the clown Nelson Dewey I wuzn't goin' to roll the coins outa my piggy bank. As Vince Pogliaroli says, "Where did ya get Arabian Nightmare garbage?" But bein' the kindly type I said ta myself, I'll give Dewey one more chance so if he keeps turnin' out stories such as "Laff City" and "Do-it-yourself" I'll let ya keep him but one more like "Arabian Nightmare" and — out of the haunty house.

DANN PIERCE
51 So. Coolidge
Stockton, Calif.

Ya gotta be — heh, heh — kidding!

We luv ya! Man, what else can I say? You're jest plain Boss! Like, when it comes to givin' yer artists and varmints a big head, I say, like why not? And, when a guy has a name like Unk Kohler, he can't be all bad! I dig the whole bit, contests, skateboards, and most of all — cars! As you may have guessed, I'm a bit on the moogaloonie side of the car-types. Well, my Grandma needs help in sticking that Chrysler in her V.W., we got some small problems (like puttin' in the 18 inch slicks, compression, gear ratio, and our fuel keeps eatin' holes in our gas tank). I think you're very constitutional when it comes to allowing a few of those anti-boss clods in to state their two-bits. Listen man, just keep up the boss stuff, because yer hep the way ya are!

MICHAEL FAIN
4919 W. Heathenbrae Dr.
Phoenix, Arizona

I know it and you know it so why don't THEY know it?

FIRST-PRIZE WINNER

Personally I don't think so, however I could change my wheels. You guys undoubtedly have a clutch-poppin', tire burning, piston smuching, bearing-burning, altered/gas type of mag. Man, like it just floods my carbs with belly-bustin' humor! You guys are off your skateboards or sumthin' there-of-to-wit. You zingers have och (over hillarious-comedy). I, like, just wheelie over and over at your "Foto Funnies" and related dumps. Your idea of a correspondence club is really hep to us finked-out fans and B.S.A. bums. Like keep up this incredible scitch. You guys have more than a tiger-in-your-tank but in those fingers and hairbrain minds. You bunch of F.I.'s (fun-injectors) are screamin' down the line with one of the best collections of bearded humper finks around! I give you my highest award for funny business, the "Bell-housing Deluxe Featured Clutch Humor and Limited-Slip Differential Deploma." Of course, I must warn you, it's only a title because my printing press is busted. A blast and a half to us folks. It just quivers down my drive shaft.

RANDY BALLARD
920 W. 7th St.
Liberal, Kan.

Thanks fer an especially GREAT letter, man!

Moogaloonie Mailbag

I really dig this gig about putting mills on bossboards (skateboards are bossboards). But what's ichin' my floor-stompin', shin-kickin' feet is the type of hairy-plane mills used. Either I'm not hip or makin' like Rip Van Sleep-a-lot, but wat's a hootie? Now to stop this $60. quiz biz and say that not only do I flip for this mag but also my getar-plikin' sis. So keep them there treadmills goin' an' maybe you'll win a pulitzer prize or sumpthin' like that sum day.

ARTHUR LA COMBE
24 Rowell Ave.
Beverly, Mass.

Hey, ya really think we MIGHT?

SECOND-PRIZE WINNER

In reply to your stud contest, I submit this letter, in 25,000 words or less, why I read your pork. I read your crazy mag mainly because I am being forced by Fritz W. Ostermueller and his cataclysmatrons. As I am being confined to a solid gold plated brass culvert, 4 blintzes long and twenty ganglias in diameter. I had to buy this paper with the aid of a 5-finger discount and also with the aid of two fellow prisoners, Claude Willard, who escaped in a wind-up toy train. Another reason I read yer junk mag is because I look forward to seeing J. Leviticus Cowshotski and his trained Malayan jungle lemurs in each issue. One last reason is I love it!

JIMMY EDWARDS
503 S.E. 21st St.
Mineral Wells, Tex.

Swingin' letter, man!

I adore your Magazine, but it seems as if no one else does. There are no CARtoons Magazines available at all, and my mother thinks $2.00 is too much for a subscription. So, please Unk, could you try to put out more in the New York City area? Could you try to send me one of those varmints autographed pictures? I think they're cute.

JUDITH ROSENBLUM
136 E. 76 St. - Apt. 13-B
New York 21, N.Y.

We hope to have pictures an' all to send out jes' as soon as we git organized around this basement.

I just finished reading your June mag. This square, Peter Gilberg, is a rat fink. How dare he yak 'bout CARtoons like that. It's a real neat mag. Dee-bow (my boy-type-brother) got me started on this crazy mag and I'm stuck now. The varmints are so ugly-cute I can't help to dig them and skateboards are, like wild. Your stories on them are really tough. I mean, great gobs of golfer gutto, it may sound gooney for a girl, but I'm crazy about these things. Thanks for being such cool dolls and printing CARtoons.

JAN HEROD
1801-16th St.
Lubbock, Tex.

Yer like more than welcome, Jan-baby.

Wild! Cool, on with the skateboard club. I dig your mag, and them varmints. More, more, more Robin Hood stories with cycles and all that. Down with Unk Einar, he's a rat. I loved the Christmas issue, but I missed the Feb. issue, sob, I hear it was a gas. Keep up the swell, stupendous work.

GAIL JENSSEN
18 Lake Road
Ponca City, Oklahoma

Okay, sweets, we'll jes' DO that!

I used to get mostly A's and some B's and was a slag. Now, I get mostly B's and some A's, but I read Petersen mags and swing! I'd like 321-(which is $5.00) to buy an imported-type Beatles album. I decided to kill two byrds with one (rolling) stone by writing this. In two recent issues of CARtoons I've seen a switched-on lil' varmint with a Beatle wig, once he was clutching a Beatles album, and once he was sporting a Ringo badge. Varmints are pesky, but anything that likes the Beatles can't be all bad! So, since that one little varmint is a bit of all right, and I need something to guard my Beatles albums, I'll take him off your hands. Please send him along to me with instructions on his care and feeding.

KATHLEEN UNGER
R.R. #2
LeRoy, Ill.

Ya gotta have a Varmint License to own one, Doll.

Hey, Unk Kohler, what did you do to my fink-type nitwit nut hero, that stupid idiot, Lemmons? You finks. Anyway, I heard that he's got his own cloth now from your last mag. I bought one issue and it was purdy trashy man. I ain't goin' to spend anymore coins on his trash. What I mean is, Junk. You know what I mean, don't ya? Say, I laid out some coins on your advice about glasses and I wasted good coins, doc said, "You've got the best eyes I've ever seen in my whole life." What do you think of dat man, huh? Say, goin' back a few mags about Granny McGo, that wuz all go man. Well, I'm takin' up too much space in your very, very good mag.

REGINALD JONES
408 No. Ease 11th St.
Abilene, Kansas

Ya come on like that an' Lemmons ain't gonna be happy with YOU nomore! Tsk, tsk, tsk.

Why don'cha give that bearded thingie, boss Kohler, a lip-clip? What's the matter, his wig-whipper get run over by a runaway slot gasser? And, man, he's been burnin' around in them same sickening threads for half a century. Like, tune in, change goggle-eyes attire or I'll go back to doing my homework. How's that for threatsville? Like, first prize comin' upsville?

BRUCE BISHOP
279 Fir St.
Cultus Lake, B.C., Canada

Ya gotta be funnier than THAT, man.

THIRD-PRIZE WINNER

Like I really dig yer mag. In yer June issue, I was really gone over "A Looney From the Bak Lagooney." Please do some more like it. If you wanna see a kool kart, just bop over to the Munsters pad. What a swingin' group! I've been doin' okay on the skateboard. Keep the skateboard stories coming. I heard that Moogaloonie is a concoction of all the lil' rowdies names. If it is, I get this wipe-out's skateboard.

PATTY PARKER
1919 S. Cedar
Colorado Springs, Colo.

Somebody's puttin' ya on, sweets. Moogaloonie ain't no concoction like that.

Hey, Unk, how about starting an Unk Kohler fan club. I adore you more than I adore my old lady. Can I be an "Honorary Moogaloonie?" I draw plenty of pictures of them there wild little thingies. I might get to see you when we get to L.A., I'll probably faint.

ROBERT CORDOVA
815 Raynolds Blvd.
El Paso 3, Texas

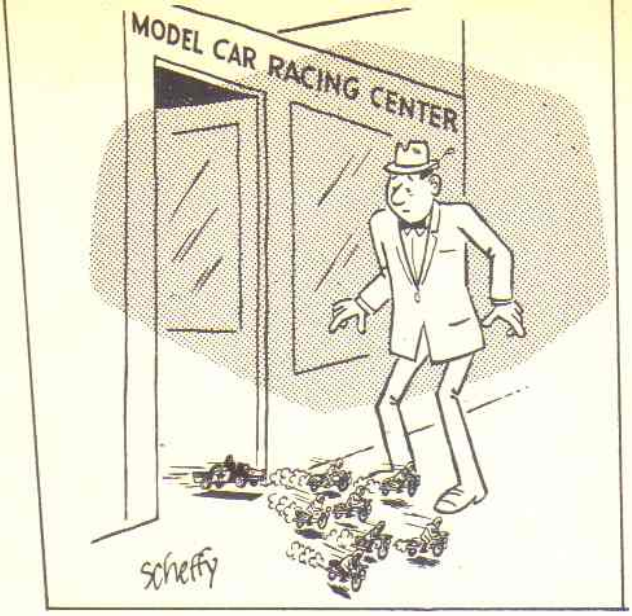
Okay . . . we'll faint together!

Wild! No one's watching, now I can let loose. I've been getting your marv mag smuggled into this square-type house now for about a year. Man, but it's tuff! I got wound up yesterday and thought (wow!) "Why do I read this rag" I mean 35c is a lotta loot to fork over. You get rid of the wild artwork, them there varmints (love dem' critters) and them various other giggle-type ideas and what's left? Only the craziest, weirdest, coolest-like type humor ever stirred into one little old mag. Hey, how come little old' Unk-baby's only got one hand at a time? That really bugs me! I'm all for that skateboard club gig. Is it only for you clods down there, or can us "Canuks," join up? Like, how do I join?

MICHELLE JOHNSTON
Toronto, Ont., Canada

It like bugs me, too, sometimes on accounta that's all I got — jes' one. Sure, all Canuks are welcome!

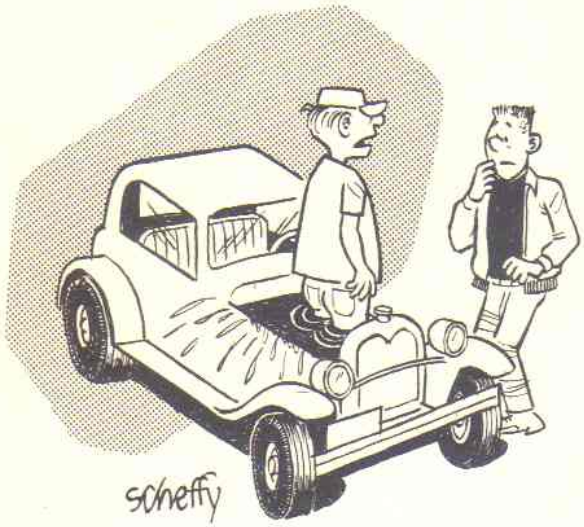
"Man, that's GLUE !"



Us illiterate varmints at the poor house got a question. Ain't you got a saw or something so you can chop off the fuzz on your chin? Us cats dig this giggy magazine. We read it when we don't use it for a fire to keep warm. Keep up the good work and don't take no plastic skateboards.

EDDIE WAINSCOTT
221 Division
LaPorte, Ind.

GOT'cha!

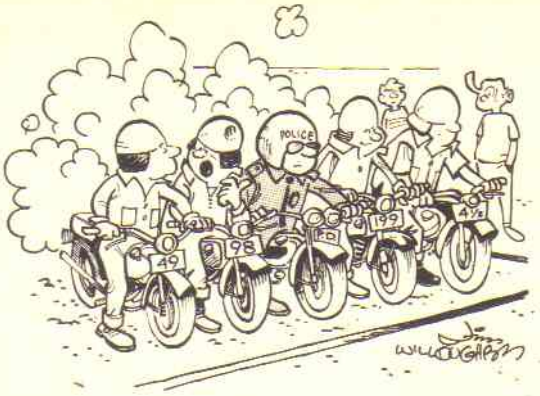


"Your radiator LEAKS !"

Gassy Giggle Gazette! And what will you contrive next? That "Fastback Foul-up" was sumpin'. Why did you make Frimp a monster? As for the skateboard clubs, I agree with the royal sign maker — "Go skateboard forever!" Luv your tuff mag, keep your writers caged, and don't beat them too much.

VICKI DOUGLASS
14 Fairlane Dr.
Montgomery, Ala.

Okay, jes' fer YOU, Vicki-baby!



"I don't LIKE it, man !"

I've been reading your mag for over a year and it's just completely neat. I get the biggest grab from them varmints. Imagine the intestinal fortitude of them low-hangin' twerps like Rick St. John and Peter Gilberg trying to down-grade such an entertaining & educational piece of literature like yours. Instead of organizing a skateboard club we oughta organize a lynch mob and hang 'em by their nose 'till their eyes bug out. I especially enjoyed "Fastback Foul-up" in your June issue. In the same issue I noticed that in "Foto Fun" on Page 42 one of them varmints has BAHS on it's hat. Does it stand for Bradford Area High School (of which I am a loyal student) or what? Keep up the Moogaloonie work and let's see a little more of Punchett.

REGGIE ROTHWELL
388 Congress St.
Bradford, Pa.

Gotta real CRAZY Punchett story comin' up SOON!

Moogaloonie Mailbag

I've got some things to say about CARTOONS, starting with Unk. First, Unk is a skunk and most of his hair is on his chin, and he looks like a ball more than anything else. And what about the Varmints? Where did they come from? And what are the little dopes good for? Von Dutch had everybody excited, then you tore him down by calling him a myth. What's the use of building a character then tearing him down? Why pick on the police by calling them "fuzz?" They keep the streets as safe as they can. It's a lousy piece of nothing, and buy yourself some hair tonic.

GUNIS JANSONS
2410 Delaware St.
Anderson, Ind.

SHEEESH — wotta grouch!

I am looking for a Pen Pal, a girl 13 or 14 who reads CARTOONS. If anybody is interested, please write. By the way, your cover on the June issue was just great. Got to go now. Keep up the tuff work. Please print this letter so I can get a pen pal. Thank you. I am a boy.

ROARK GILLIAN
Box 581
Boon, No. Carolina

That a fact? Why don'tcha drop Louise up there a line?

Like, since I've got nuthin' better to do with 5c, I thought I'd write to you wonderful guys and tell ya why I dig this boss mag. You wonderfuls understand this is hard for me and that what I'm going to say takes a lot of nerve, don't ya? Well, you see, I'm madly in love with skateboardin' and I'm madly in love with them lil' varmints! Now, don't make with the big ha-ha bit, but for golly gee willy, I can't help it! They're so cute! They look so sweet and cuddly. When I saw (& bought) your June issue, I read it all during English. Them lil' varmints were so cute in "The Beachin' Buggy." So, can you wonderfuls have more of 'em? Thanks a bunch you wonderfuls! Hey, your skateboard club sounds fabulastic, I is fer it 100%! But, don't forget to have lots of guys in it, please?

LOUISE HAVEL
10729 S. Morgan
Chicago, Ill.

RIGHT, Louise-baby!

"But when you said you did STRIPING, I thought . . ."

Your mag is a gas with a gallon of nitro even. But I would like to register one small protest. In your last issue, (June) in the last letter of the Moogaloonie Mailbag, you stated that you had ridden, and even enjoyed, a motorized skateboard. For shame! Now you have raised the wrath of the mighty union for Blisters and Calluses received while skateboarding or standing on your head. And, if you don't denounce these weird wagons we could get so mad that we might get some of them cool guys from the old days of the Committee for giving Mitch Miller a shave, and come and hold a sit-in on your surfboard. How does ya like them apples? You had a real good Feb. issue but in your April one, you ground up the nice old dragon head, ain't that in-human or something? You can enter this document in your weird old contest, and I better win or we'll change that sit-in to a protest march over your water-wings wearing track shoes.

JOHN LOWE
1411 Vista Terrace
Corvallis, Ore.

Wotta TERRIBLE threat!

Hallowheeling is a Happening

ARTWORK: MIKE ARENS
STORY: CARL KOHLER

YER GONNA DO **WOT**?

IT'S **HALLOWEEN**, MAN! WE WANNA GO **TRICK ER TREATIN'**!

ON **SKATEBOARDS** YET!

IN YER HEART YA KNOW HE **THINKS** HE'S RIGHT.

FERGIT IT! YA ROTTEN LIL' ROWDIES'LL ONLY GIT **BUSTED** FER DISTURBIN' THE **PEACE!**

WOTTA **CHICKEN** ATTITUDE!

UNK-BABY, YER KNOCKIN' **TRADITION!**

I **KNEW** HE WOULDN'T DIG THE ACTION!

YA JES' GIVE ME **ONE GOOD REASON** WHY YA SHOULD MESS AROUND... RINGIN' DOORBELLS AN' BOTHERIN' PEOPLE...AN' I **MIGHT** CONSIDER...

WELL, THERE GOES **ANOTHER** TUFF GIG DOWN IN FLAMES!

HIM AN' HIS RANK **LOGIC!**

I'M **HEP**, I'M SORRY TO SAY!

HOW COME **WE** NEVER **WIN** ONE?

WE'RE NATURAL-BORN **LOSERS!**

HEY, I GOTTA **GREAT IDEA!**

WHY **BOTHER**, MAN? UNK'LL JES PUT YA DOWN!

THAT'S WOT THE DIRTY OLD MAN'LL **DO**, ALRIGHTY!

THIS SURE AIN'T GONNA BE **MUCH** OF A HALLOWEEN.

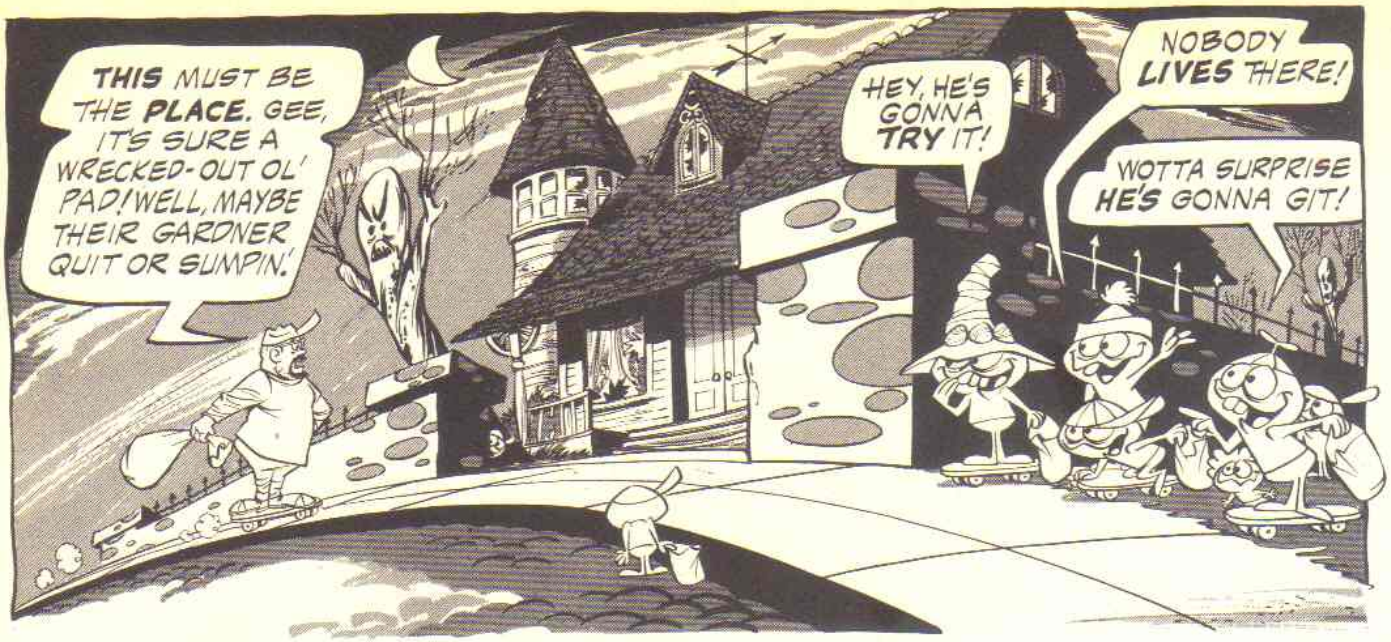
WE KIN GO TRICK ER TREATIN' IF WE GIVE HIM **ONE GOOD REASON...** RIGHT? SO HOW MUCH OF THAT PHONY **PLAY-MONEY** WE GOT LEFT?

I'M GETTIN' THE CRAZY OL' **PLAN!**

HE'LL FLIP!

AN' LET US GO ON THE PROWL FER **GOODIES** AN' ALL!

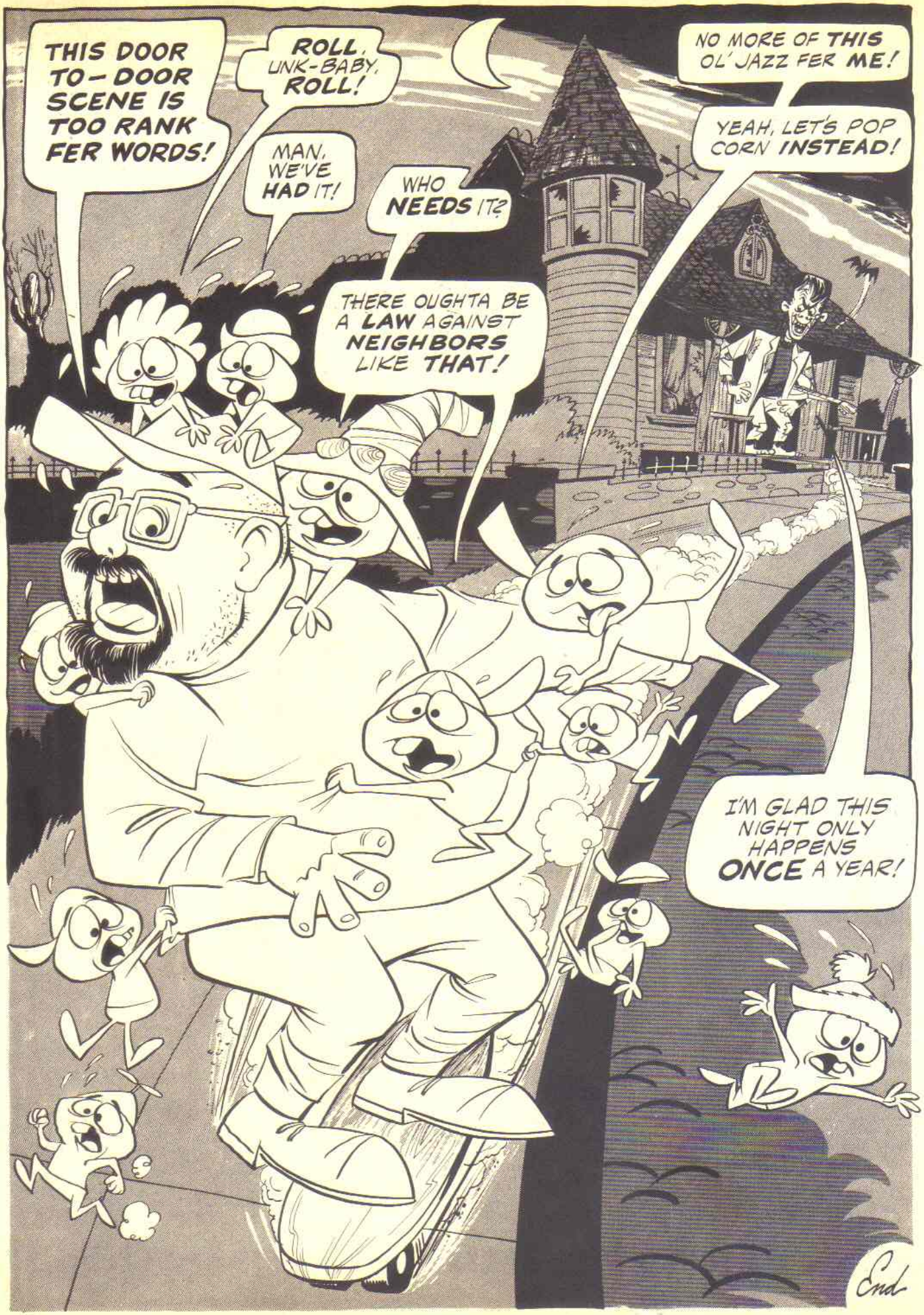
SO...
HEY, UNK-BABY! KIN WE SEE YA FER A MINUTE?
I HOPE THIS WORKS!
IT WILL, MAN. UNK'S REAL STOKED ON CASH!
HOLY TOLEDO! WHERE'JA GIT ALL THAT BREAD?
UH... WELL... THERE'S THIS BIG OL' HOUSE ON THE OTHER SIDA TOWN AN...
HE'S TURNED ON!
WE GOT IT LIKE MADE!
STICK AROUND HERE, WHILE I... UH... MAKE A TRIP ACROSS TOWN!
SURE, UNK-BABY!
CHECK, MAN!
HE CAN HARDLY WAIT TO FIND THAT JOINT!
HE'S GOT A REAL JOB OF SEARCHIN' AHEAD OF HIM!
OH, MAN, DID WE EVER PSYCH HIM OUT!
C'MON, NOW WE KIN FINISH COLLECTIN' GOODIES FROM THIS NEIGHBORHOOD!
YEAH, BUT LET'S...
...DO OUR TRICK ER TREATIN' RIGHT BEHIND HIM AN' SEE WOT HAPPENS!
SWINGIN' NOTION!
IT'LL BE A GAS, WATCHIN' THAT POOR CLOD LOOKIN' FER A PLACE THAT DON'T EXIST!
MAN, BUT WE GOT A WARPED SENSE OF HUMOR!
IT'S OUR BEST FEATURE!
I GOTTA HAND IT TO THEM LIL' THINGS... THERE'S MORE TO THIS HALLOWEEN GIG THAN MEETS THE EYE! WONDER HOW MUCH BREAD I'LL COLLECT?


THIS MUST BE THE PLACE. GEE, IT'S SURE A WRECKED-OUT OL' PAD! WELL, MAYBE THEIR GARDNER QUIT OR SUMPIN.'
HEY, HE'S GONNA TRY IT!
NOBODY LIVES THERE!
WOTTA SURPRISE HE'S GONNA GIT!

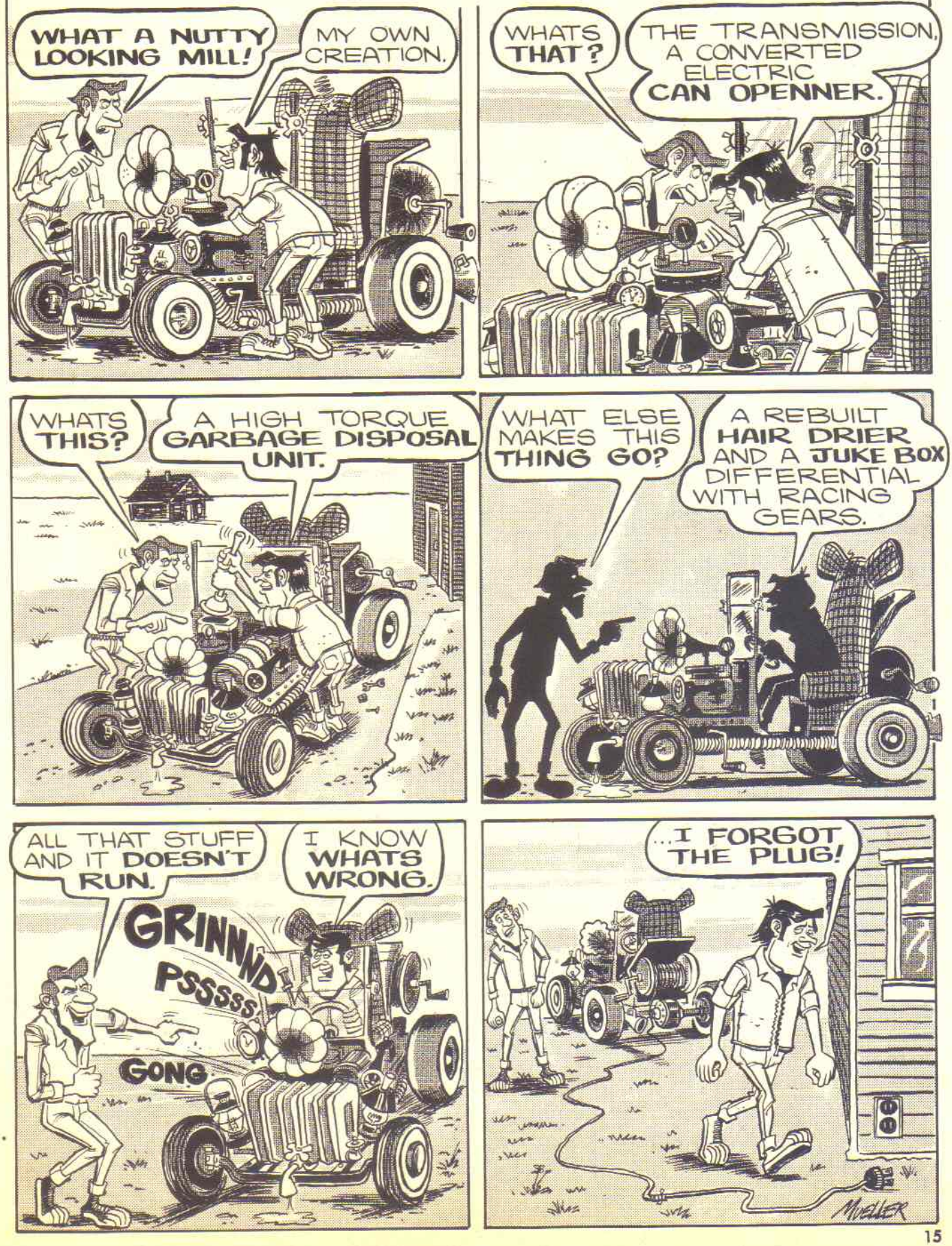
I JES' HOPE THEY DON'T THINK I'M TOO OLD FER THIS BIT. MAYBE I OUGHTA STOOP A LITTLE!
CLOMP!
CLOMP!

WELL, HERE GOES...
BAM!
BAM!

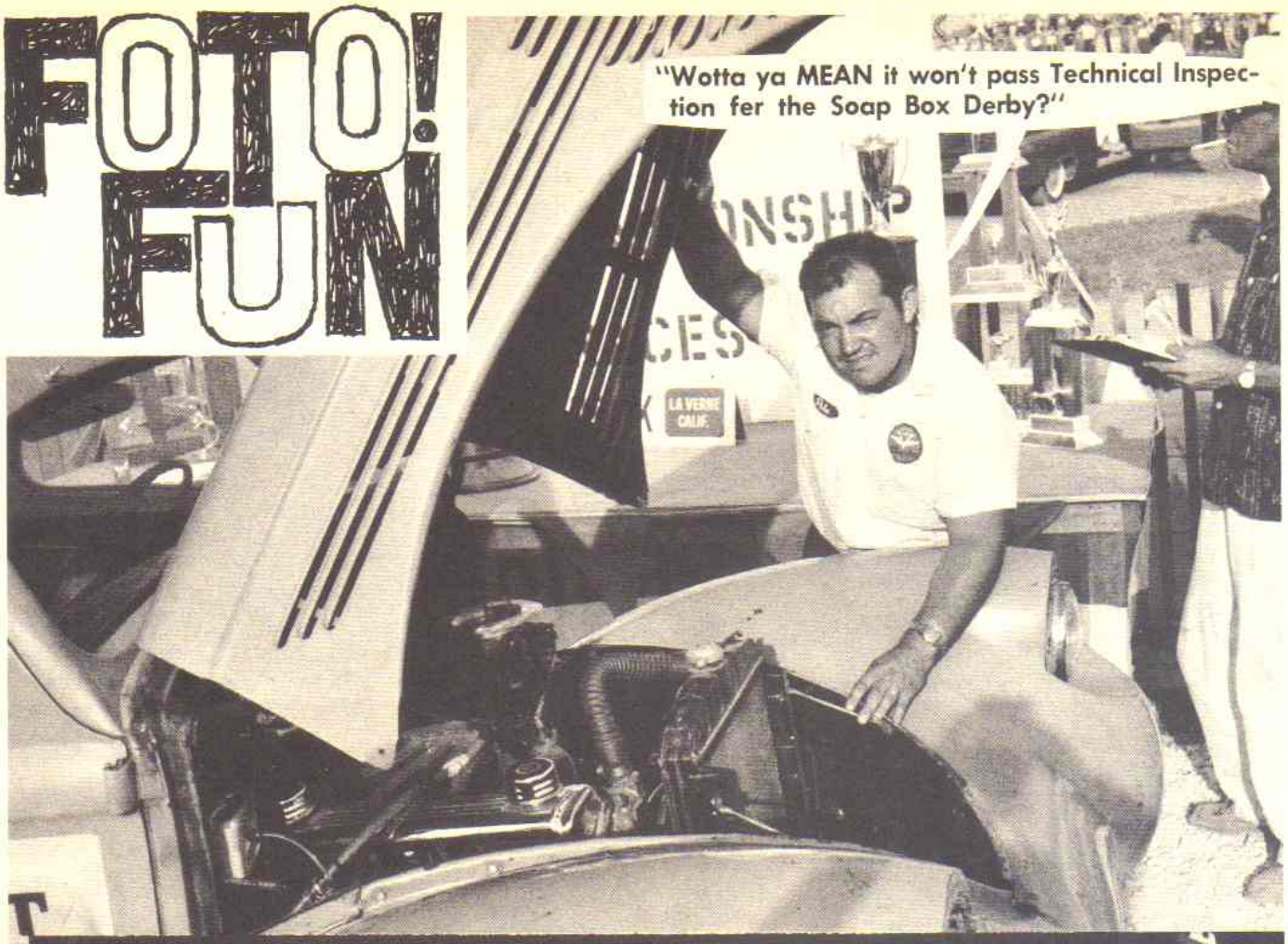
T-TRICK OR T-T-TREAT?
YIPES!
ALL OUTA TREATS, KID! GOSHAROOTY, THAT'S A HORRIBLE MASK YER WEARIN'! YA TRYIN' TO BUG THE NEIGHBORHOOD?
LOOKIT THE SIZE OF THAT THING!

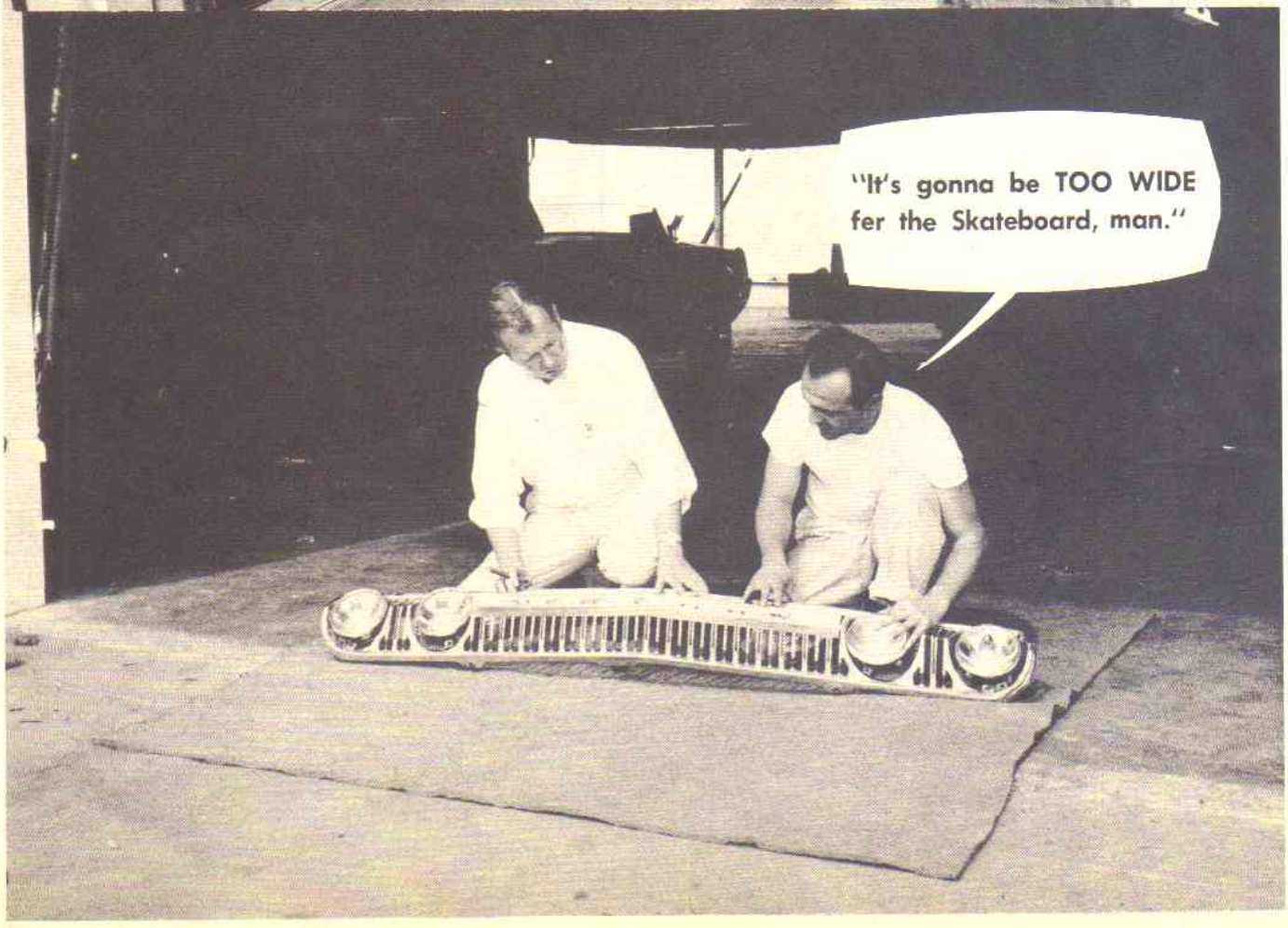

THIS DOOR TO-DOOR SCENE IS TOO RANK FER WORDS!
ROLL, UNK-BABY, ROLL!
MAN, WE'VE HAD IT!
WHO NEEDS IT?
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW AGAINST NEIGHBORS LIKE THAT!
NO MORE OF THIS OL' JAZZ FER ME!
YEAH, LET'S POP CORN INSTEAD!
I'M GLAD THIS NIGHT ONLY HAPPENS ONCE A YEAR!
End

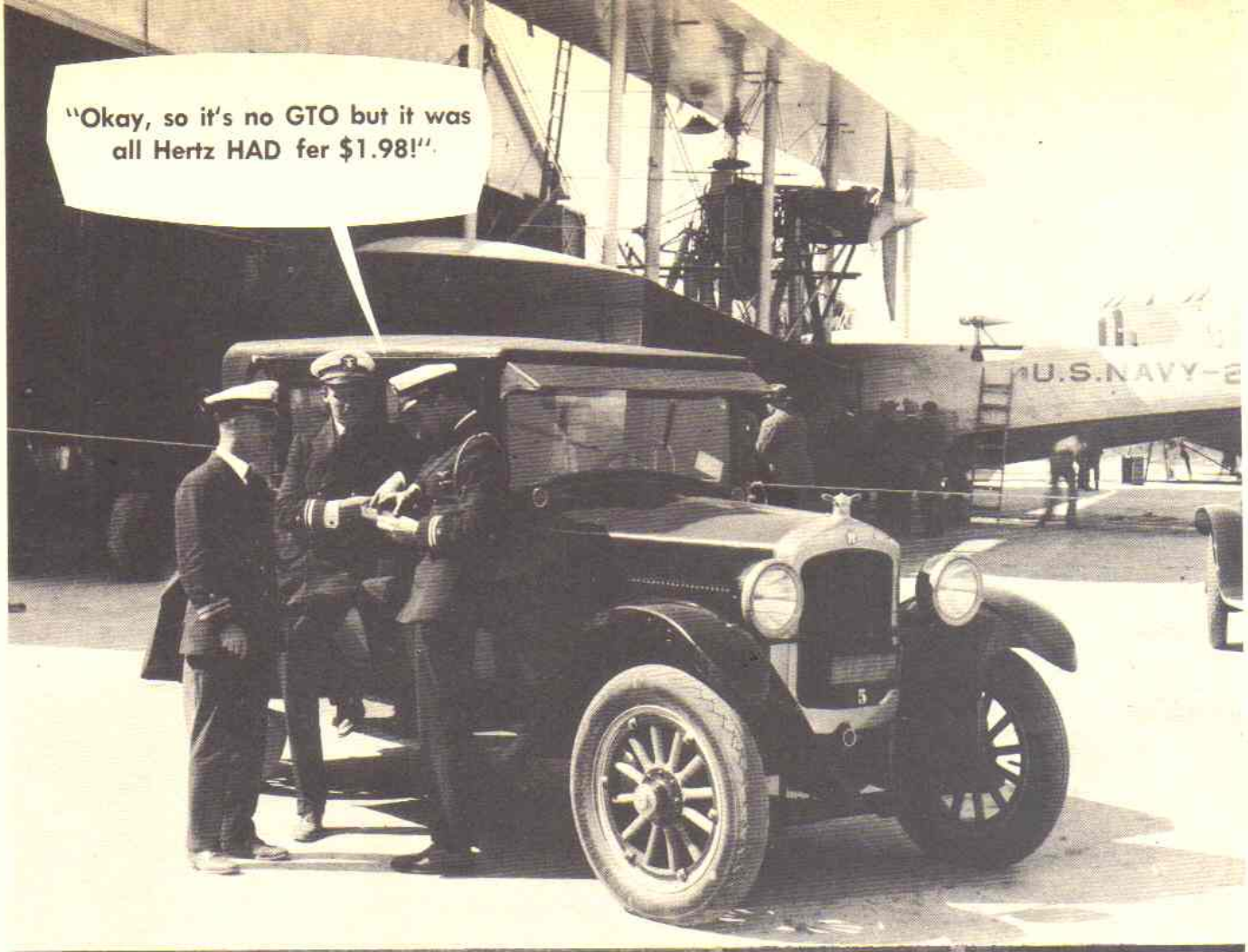
APPLIED APPLIANCE



FOTO! FUN


"Wotta ya MEAN it won't pass Technical Inspection fer the Soap Box Derby?"
LA VERNE CALIF.

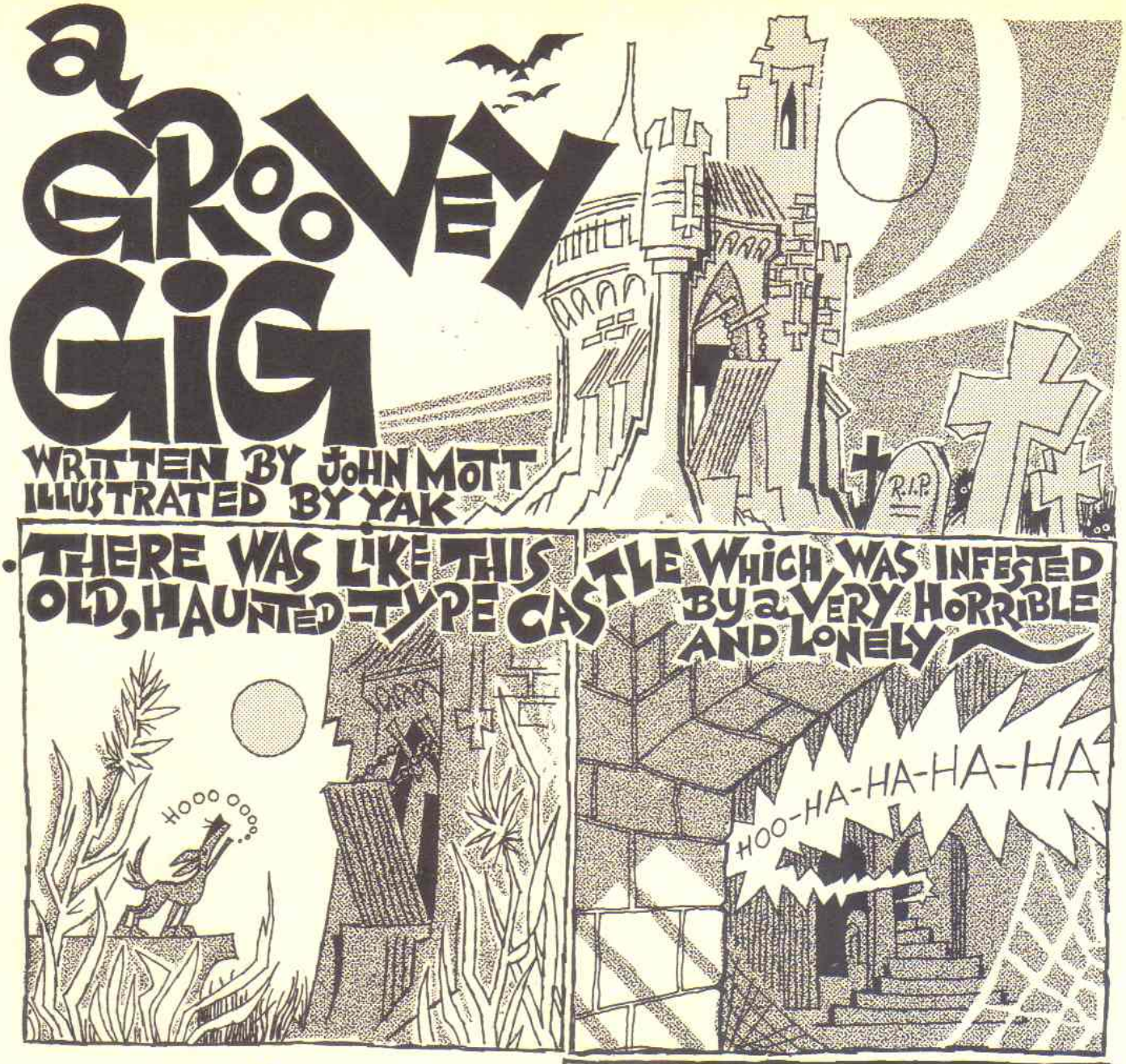

"It's gonna be TOO WIDE fer the Skateboard, man."

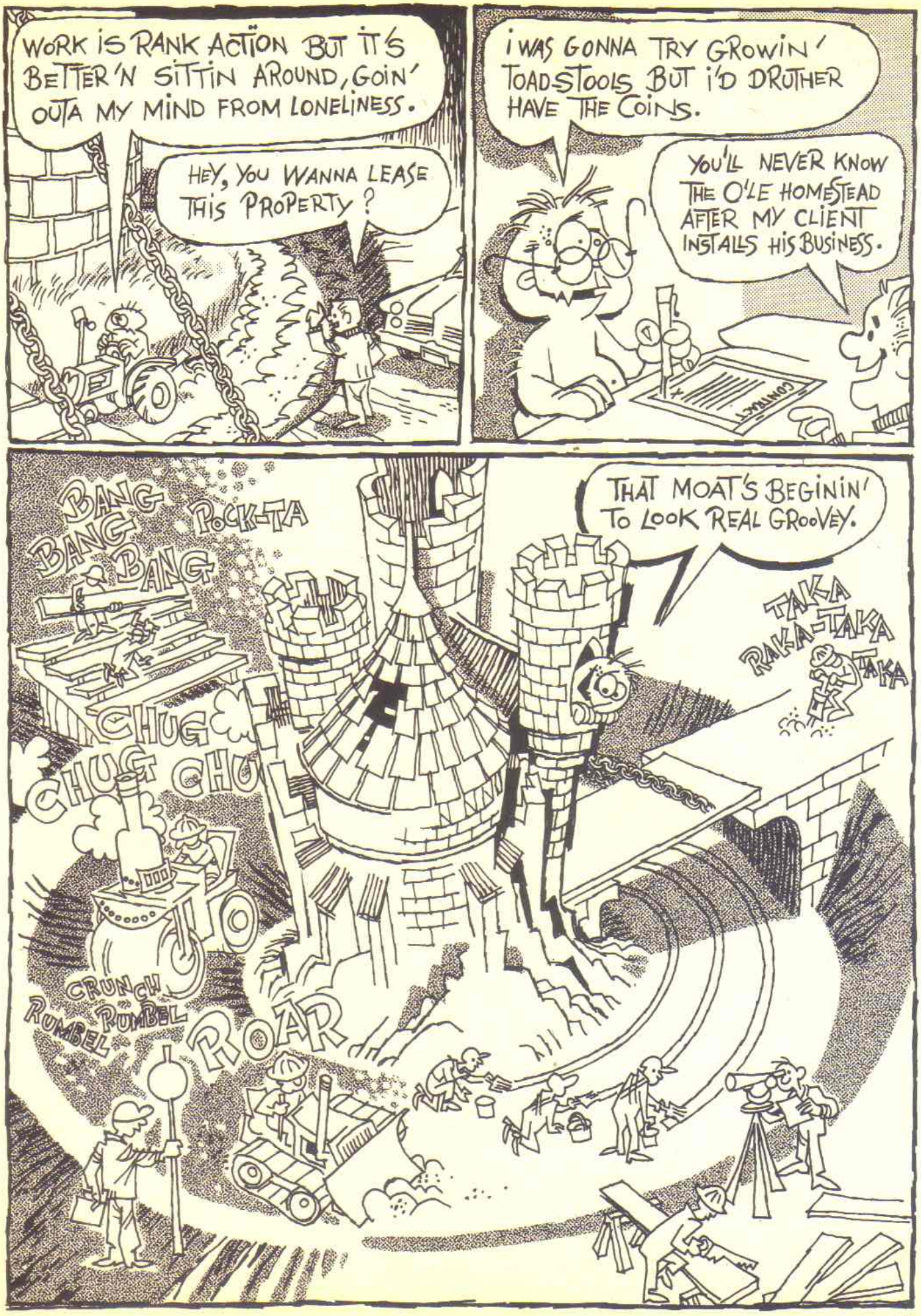

"Okay, so it's no GTO but it was all Hertz HAD fer $1.98!"
U.S.NAVY-2

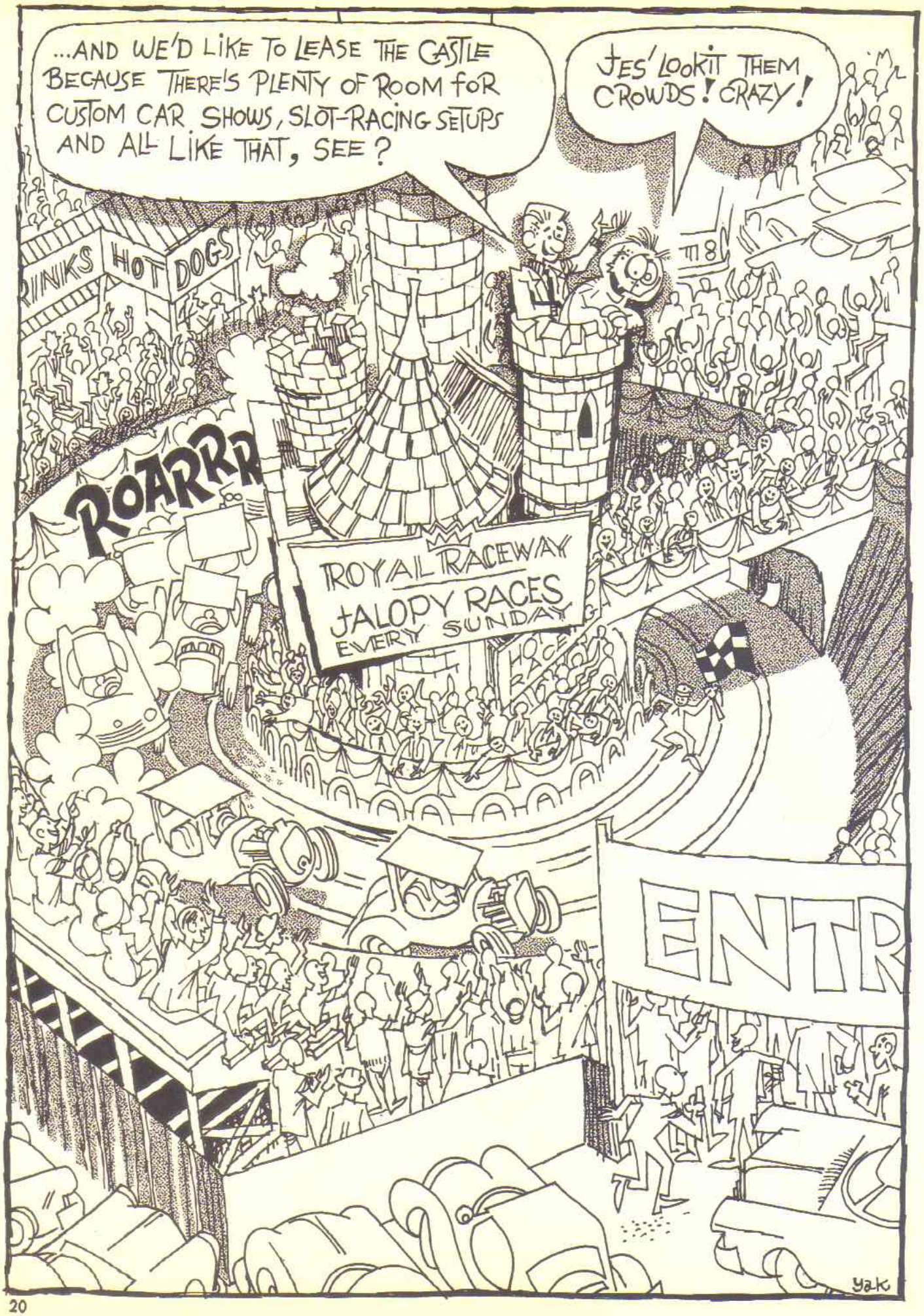
"HOLD IT! YER DRILLIN' THRU MY THUMB, STUPID!"

a GROOVEY GIG

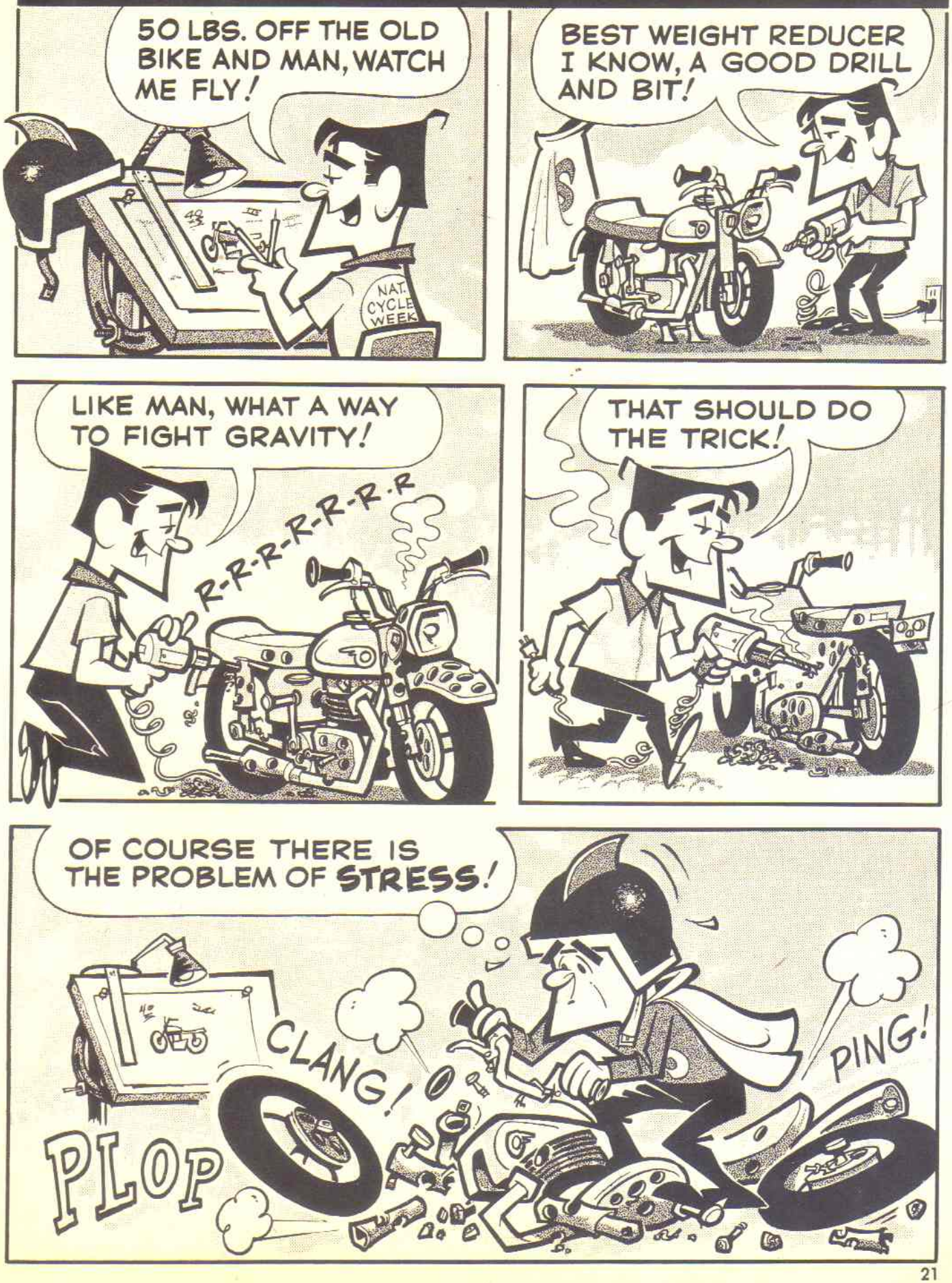
WRITTEN BY JOHN MOTT
ILLUSTRATED BY YAK



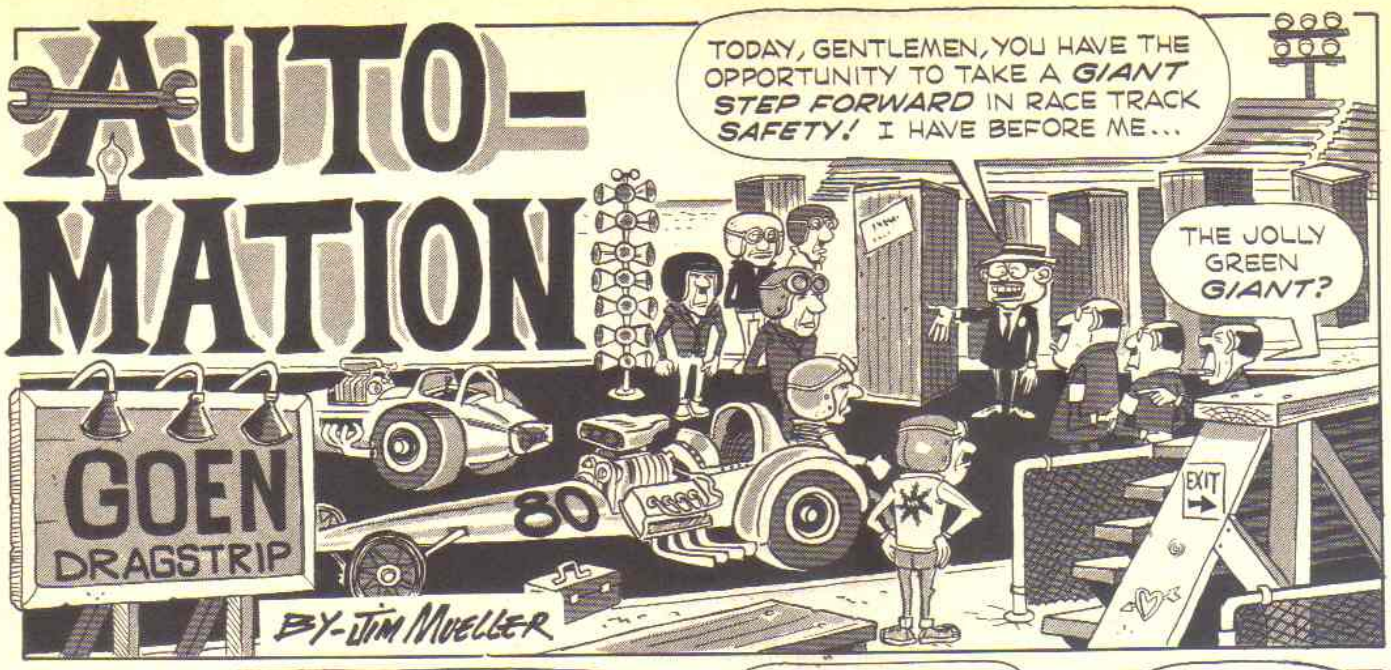

WORK IS RANK ACTION BUT IT'S BETTER'N SITTIN AROUND, GOIN' OUTA MY MIND FROM LONELINESS.
HEY, YOU WANNA LEASE THIS PROPERTY?
I WAS GONNA TRY GROWIN' TOADSTOOLS BUT I'D DRUTHER HAVE THE COINS.
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THE O'LE HOMESTEAD AFTER MY CLIENT INSTALLS HIS BUSINESS.
CONTRACT
BANG BANG BANG
POCK-TA
THAT MOAT'S BEGININ' TO LOOK REAL GROOVEY.
TAKA RAKA-TAKA TAKA
CHUG CHUG CHU
CRUNCH RUMBEL RUMBEL
ROAR


...AND WE'D LIKE TO LEASE THE CASTLE BECAUSE THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM FOR CUSTOM CAR SHOWS, SLOT-RACING SETUPS AND ALL LIKE THAT, SEE?
JES' LOOKIT THEM CROWDS! CRAZY!
RINKS
HOT DOGS
ROARRR
ROYAL RACEWAY
JALOPY RACES
EVERY SUNDAY
ENTR
yak

THE SCARLET STREAK BY JERRY BARNETT

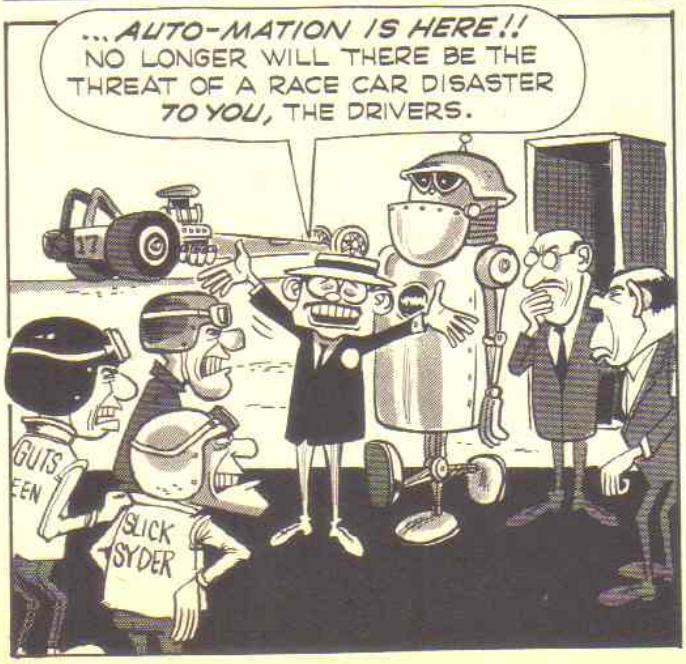


AUTO-MATION

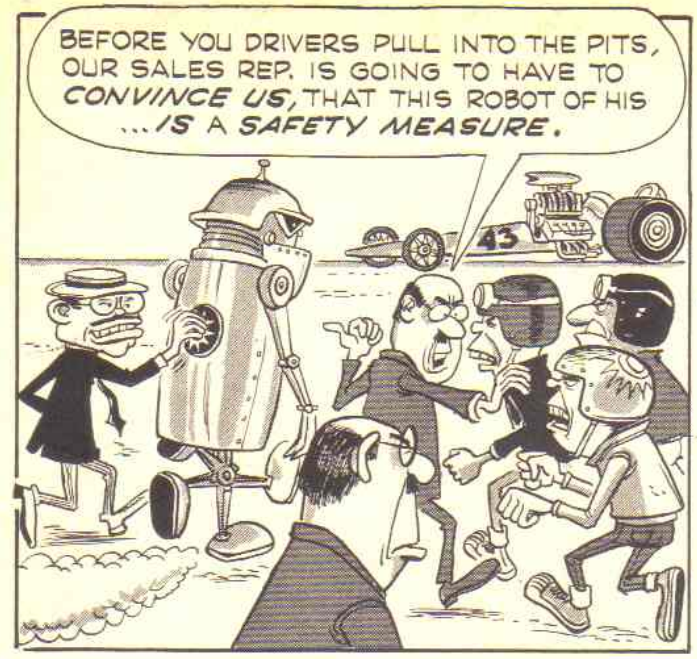

TODAY, GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE A GIANT STEP FORWARD IN RACE TRACK SAFETY! I HAVE BEFORE ME...
THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT?
GOEN DRAGSTRIP
80
EXIT
BY-JIM MUELLER

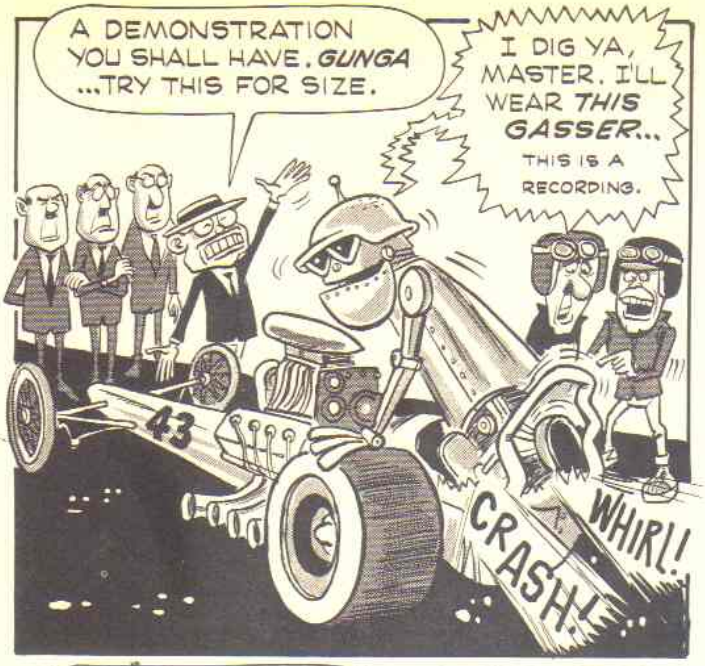
THE INSTRUMENT THAT WILL MAKE THE RACE CAR DRIVER ...OBSOLETE!!
FRAGILE
TRACK OFFICER
WHAM!

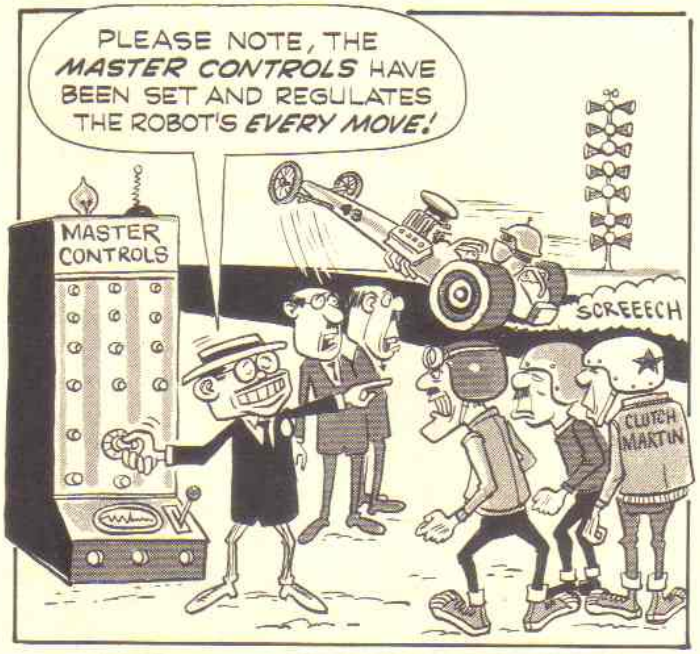
OBSOLETE? US?
BOOO!
HISS!
THAT?
A ROBOT?
LET'S FACE IT, GENTLEMEN...

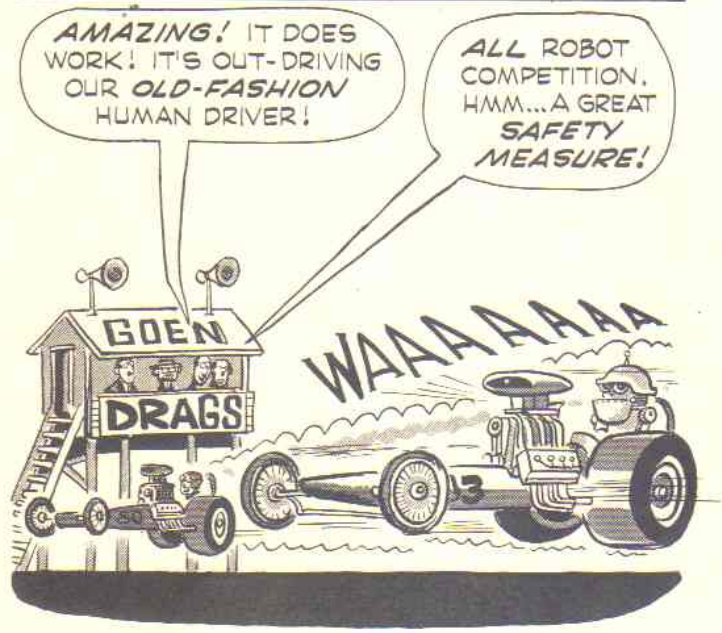

...AUTO-MATION IS HERE!! NO LONGER WILL THERE BE THE THREAT OF A RACE CAR DISASTER TO YOU, THE DRIVERS.
17
GUTS
SLICK SYDER

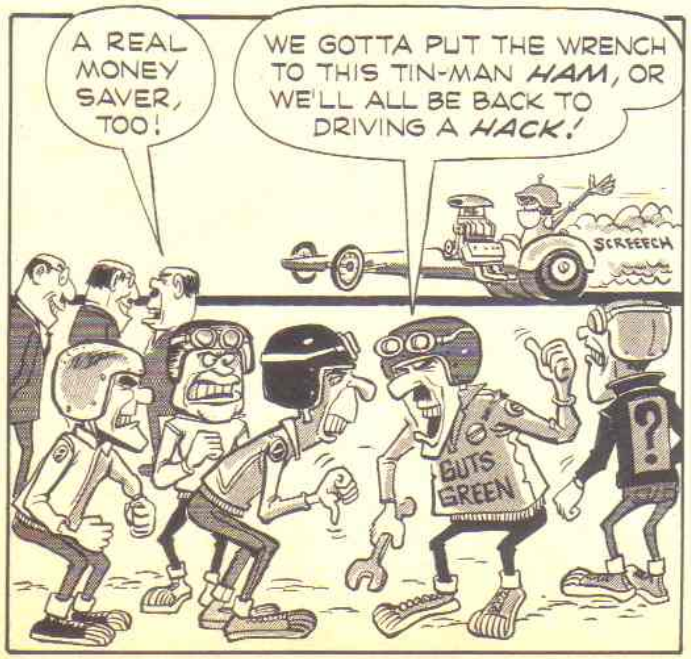
YOU KNOW IT... 'CAUSE WE'LL BE BACK DOWN ON THE FARM!
I'M NOT TAKING A BACK SEAT FOR THAT OVER-DEVELOPED CRYSTAL SET!

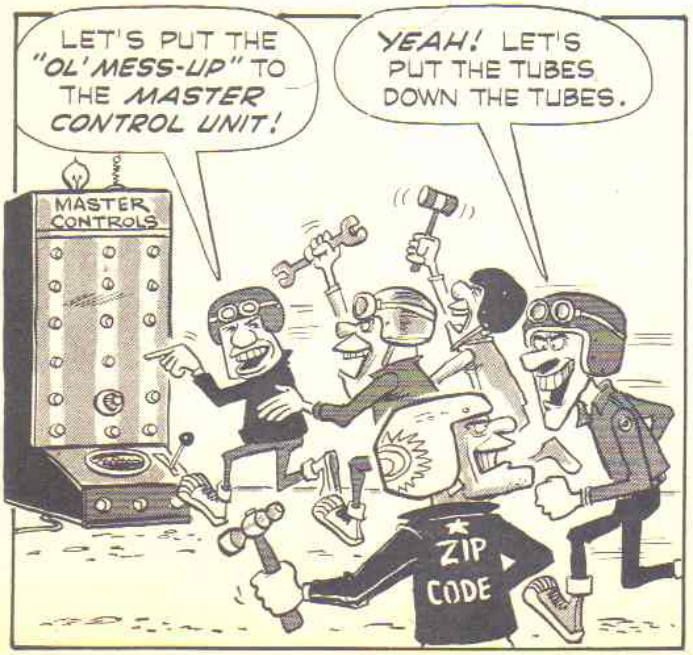

BEFORE YOU DRIVERS PULL INTO THE PITS, OUR SALES REP. IS GOING TO HAVE TO CONVINCE US, THAT THIS ROBOT OF HIS ...IS A SAFETY MEASURE.
43


A DEMONSTRATION YOU SHALL HAVE. GUNGA ...TRY THIS FOR SIZE.
I DIG YA, MASTER. I'LL WEAR THIS GASSER... THIS IS A RECORDING.
43
CRASH!
WHIRL!


PLEASE NOTE, THE MASTER CONTROLS HAVE BEEN SET AND REGULATES THE ROBOT'S EVERY MOVE!
MASTER CONTROLS
SCREEECH
CLUTCH MARTIN

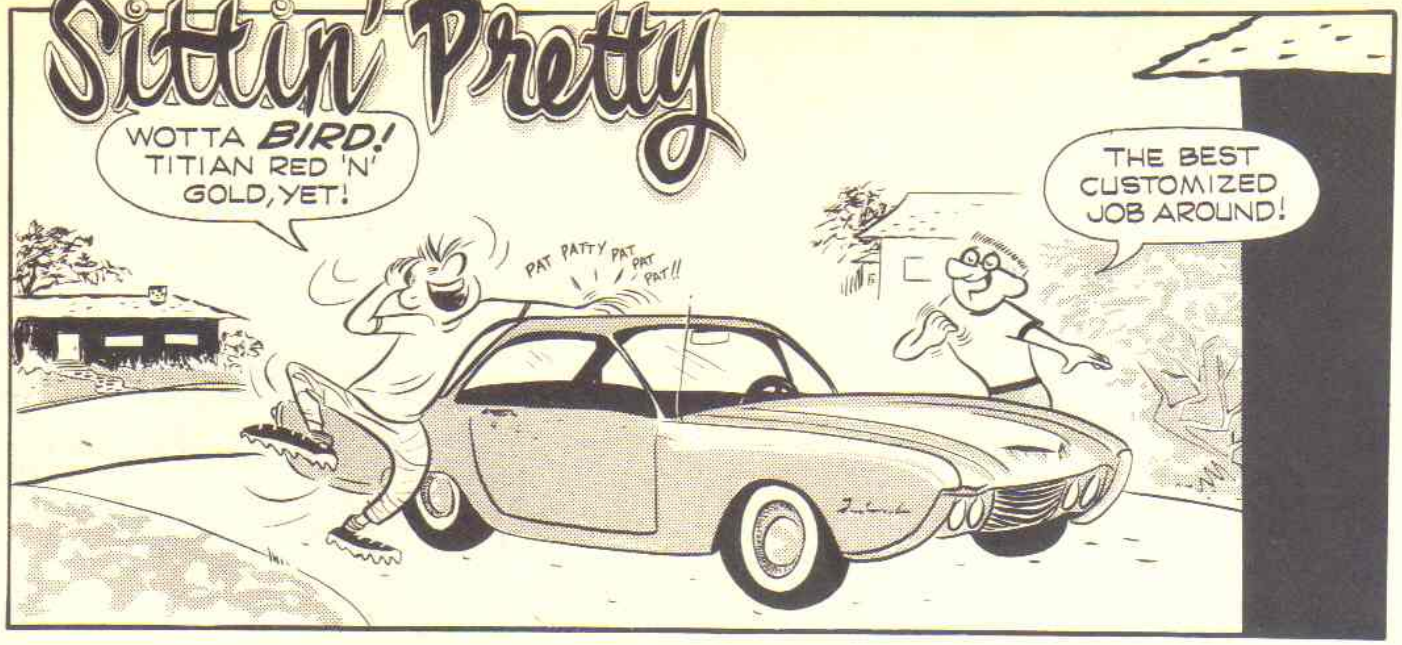

AMAZING! IT DOES WORK! IT'S OUT-DRIVING OUR OLD-FASHION HUMAN DRIVER!
ALL ROBOT COMPETITION. HMM...A GREAT SAFETY MEASURE!
GOEN
DRAGS
WAAAAAAA

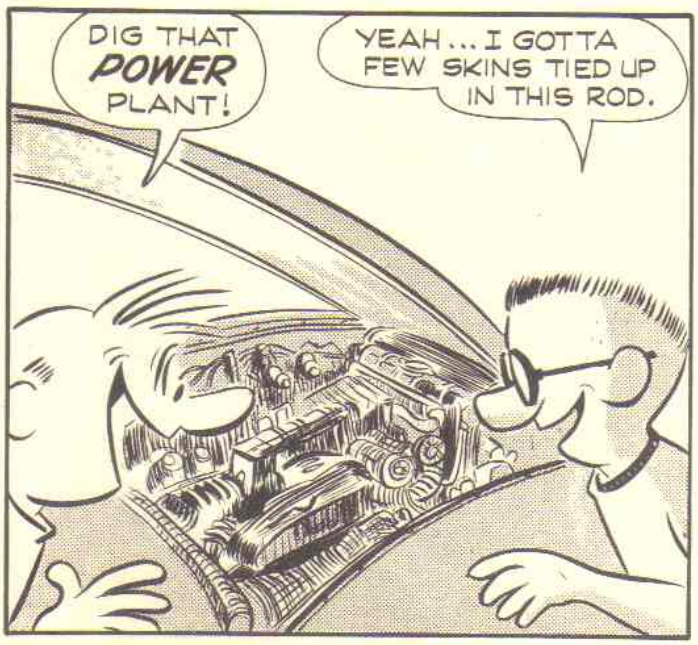

A REAL MONEY SAVER, TOO!
WE GOTTA PUT THE WRENCH TO THIS TIN-MAN HAM, OR WE'LL ALL BE BACK TO DRIVING A HACK!
SCREEECH
GUTS GREEN
?

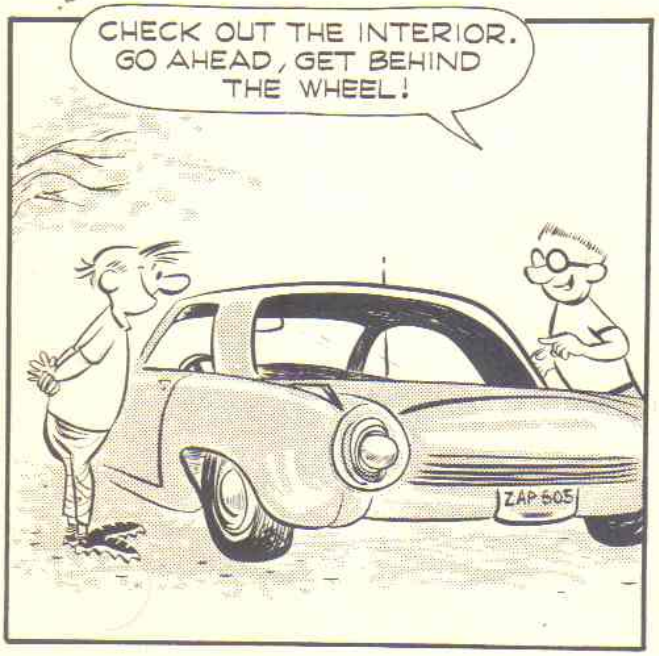

LET'S PUT THE "OL' MESS-UP" TO THE MASTER CONTROL UNIT!
YEAH! LET'S PUT THE TUBES DOWN THE TUBES.
MASTER CONTROLS
ZIP CODE

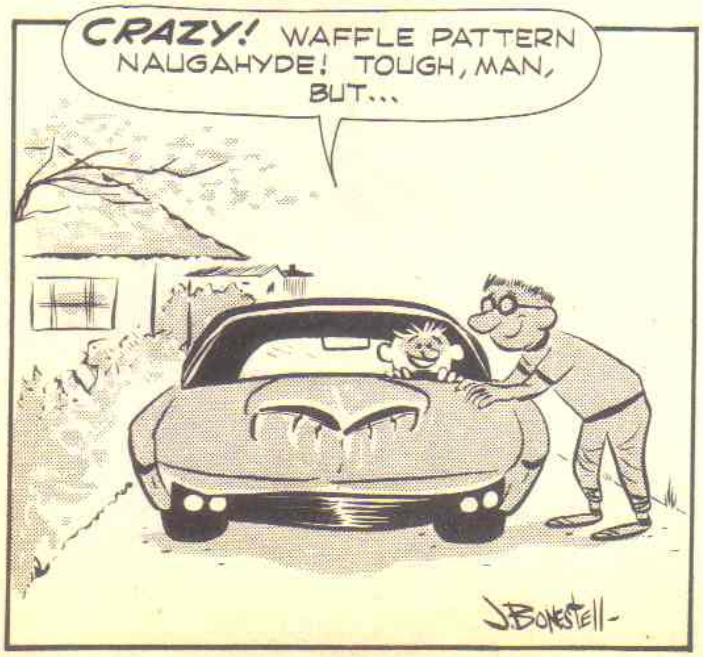
ARE YOU SURE ENGINEER BILL STARTED THIS WAY?
WHAT'S THIS BUTTON... RESERVES?
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
MASTER CONTROLS
RESERVES
CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
RESERVES? YOU CLOD!! YOU JUST SHOOK LOOSE THE SALES REP'S WHOLE INVENTORY!!
RUMBLE!
ROBOT MODEL NO. 13
CRACK!
CRACK! CRASH!
WHAM!
THE CARS!! THE CARS!! CLEAR THE TRACK, THEY'RE MARCHIN'!
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER, AND BOLDER AND BOLDER...
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THIS SAFETY PROGRAM BEFORE WE'RE ALL IN THE HOSPITAL!
DON'T JUST STAND THERE... PASS OUT CAN OPENERS.
140
17
I'VE BEEN PULVERIZED BY A COMPUTER!
BLUE CROSS WILL NEVER BELIEVE ME. I JUST GOT RUN DOWN BY A PEDESTRIAN!
5
GENTLEMEN, PLEASE! SAFETY IS THE LETTER OF THE DAY!
PIT AREA
END

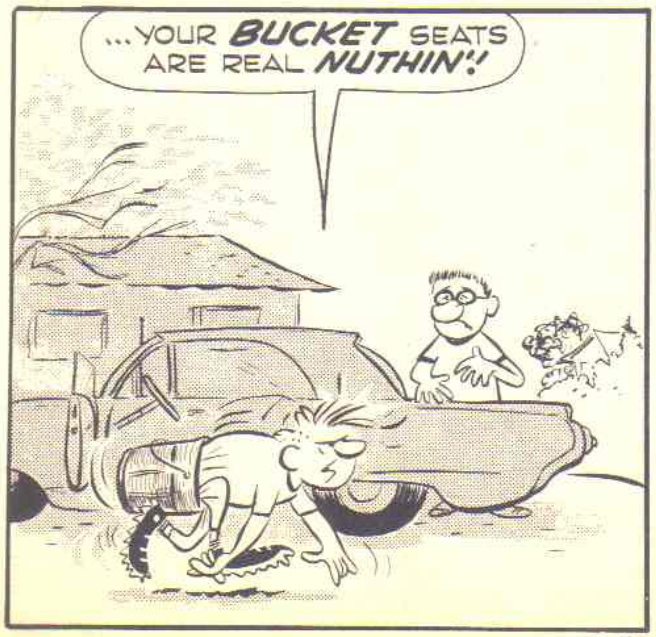
Sittin' Pretty

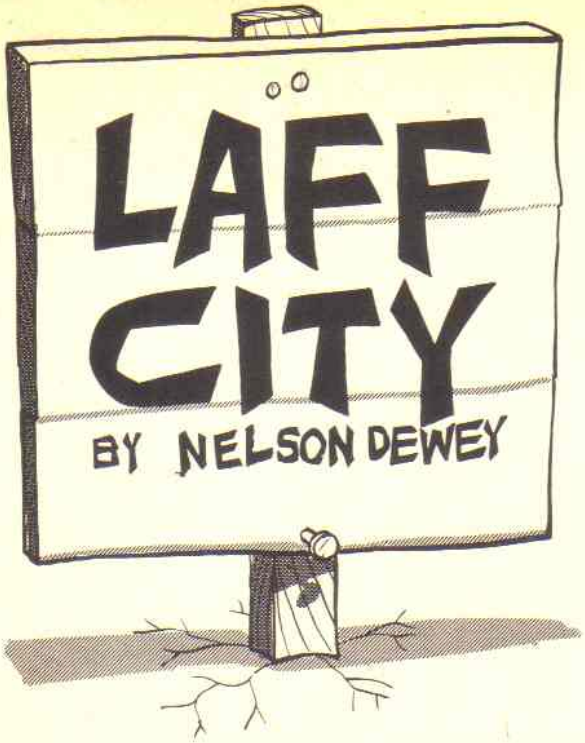


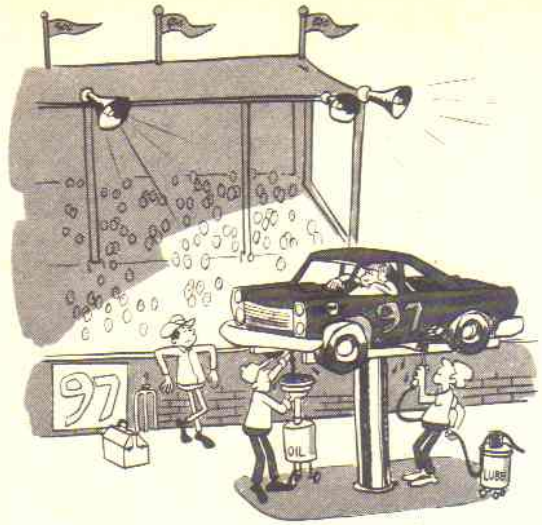




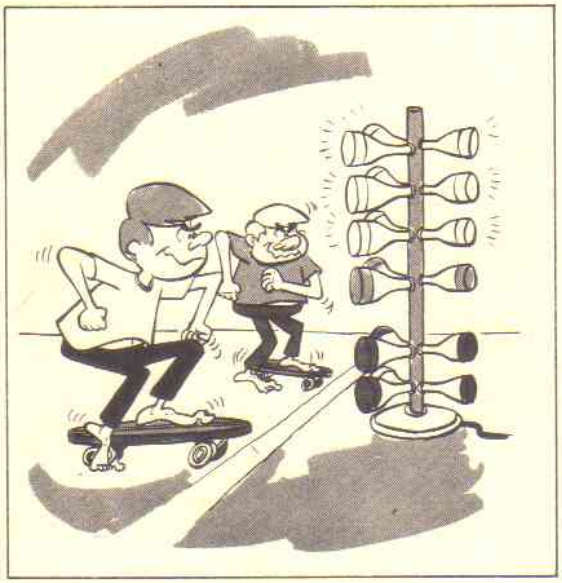


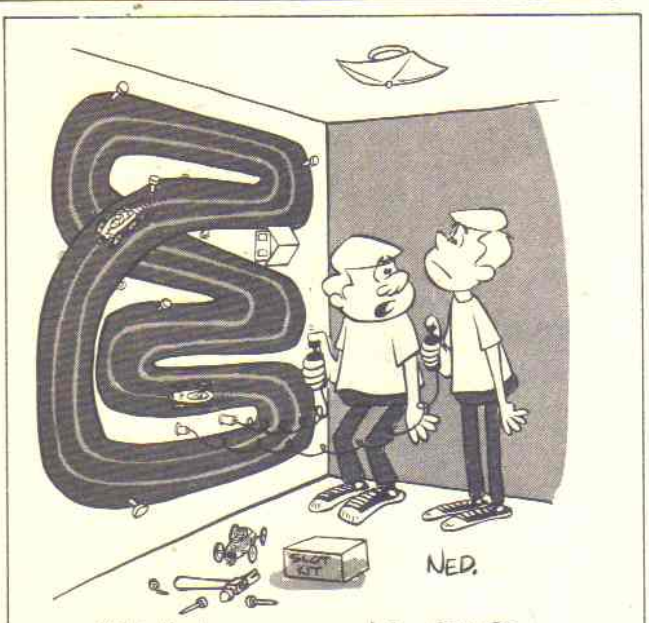




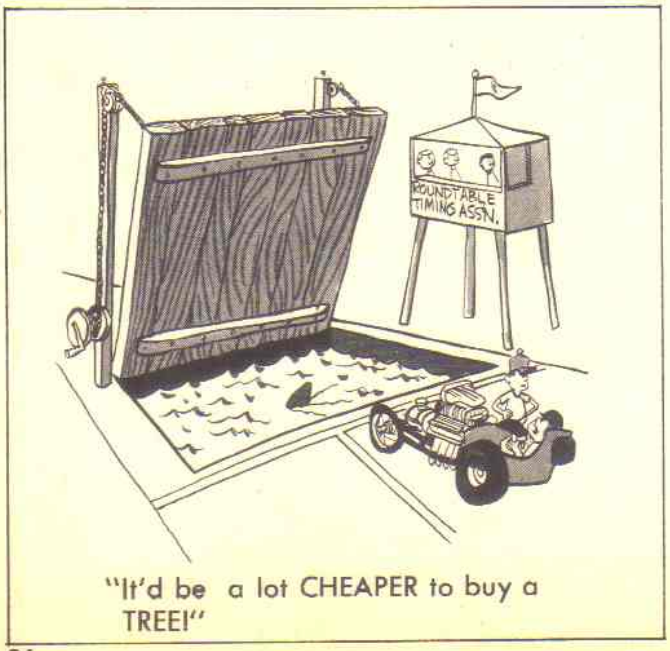


". . . now Number 97's in the pits, confident of a strong lead"

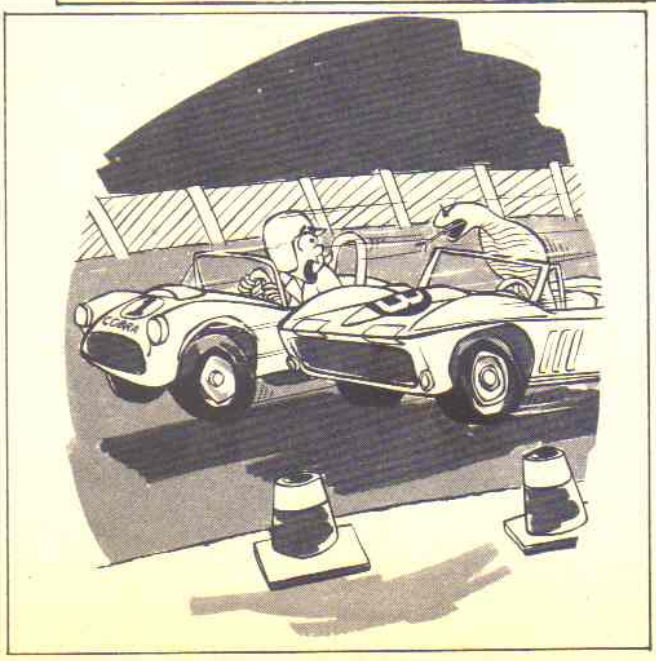


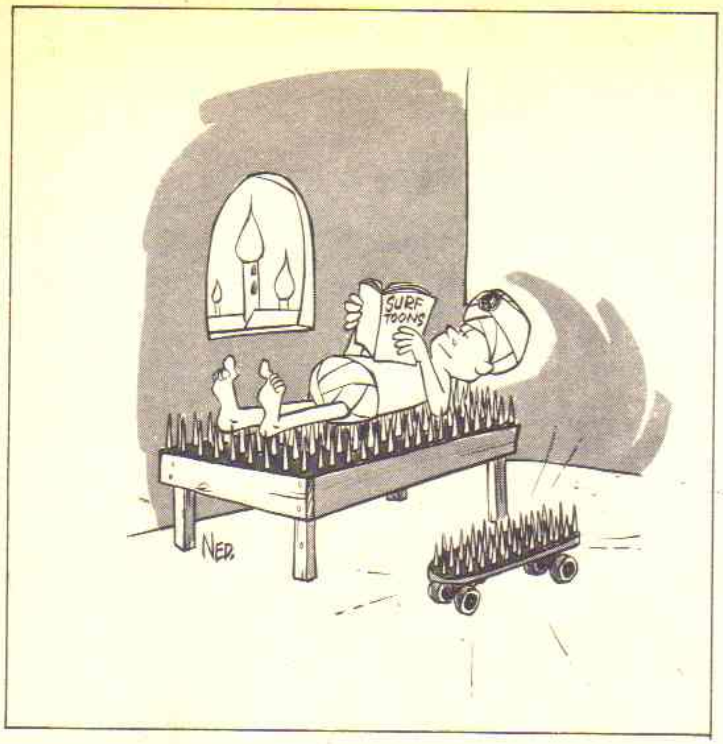


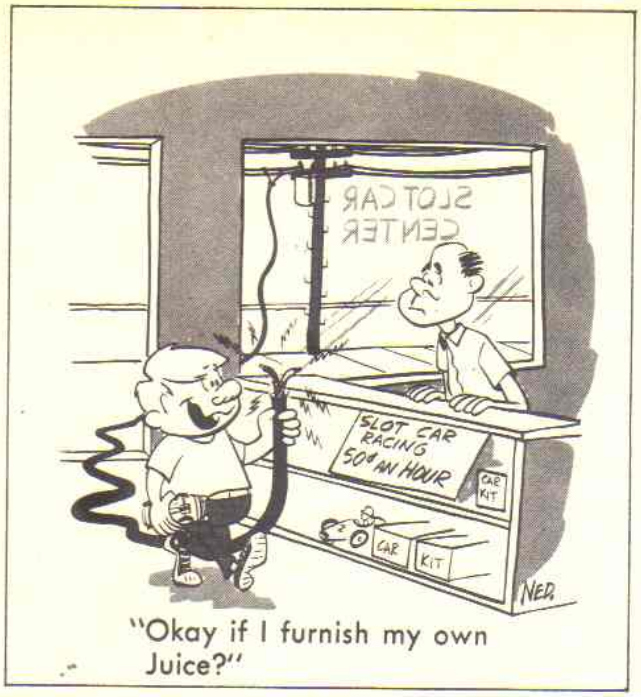
"Well, I wuz pressed fer SPACE to BUILD it!"



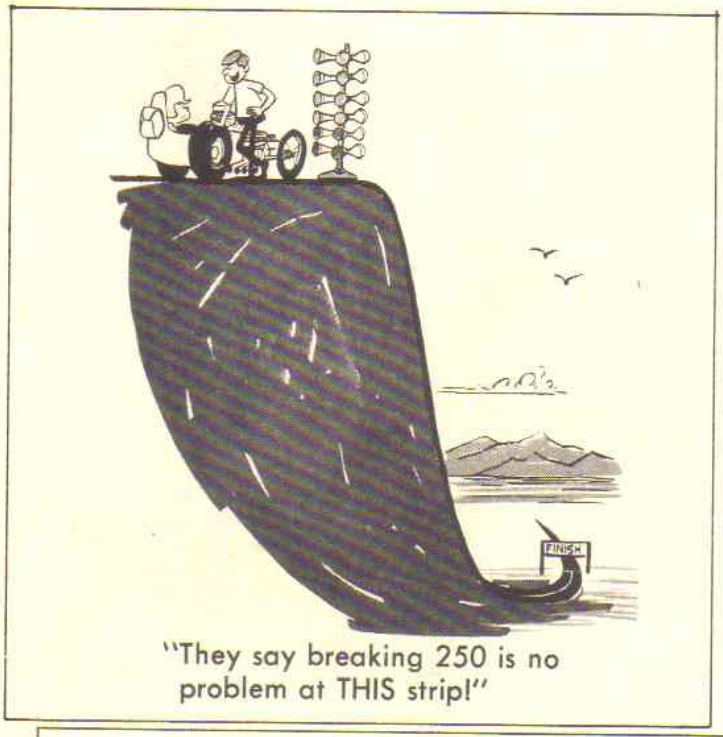
"It'd be a lot CHEAPER to buy a TREE!"



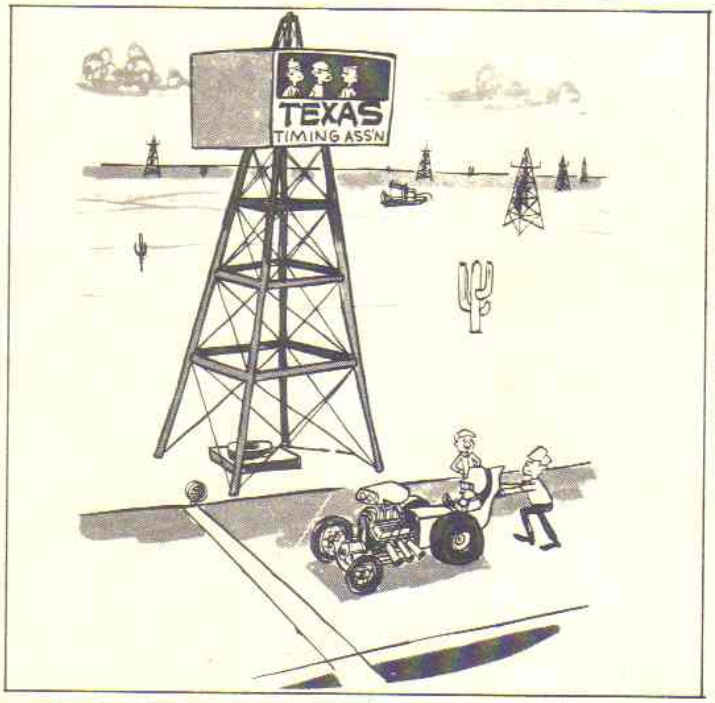


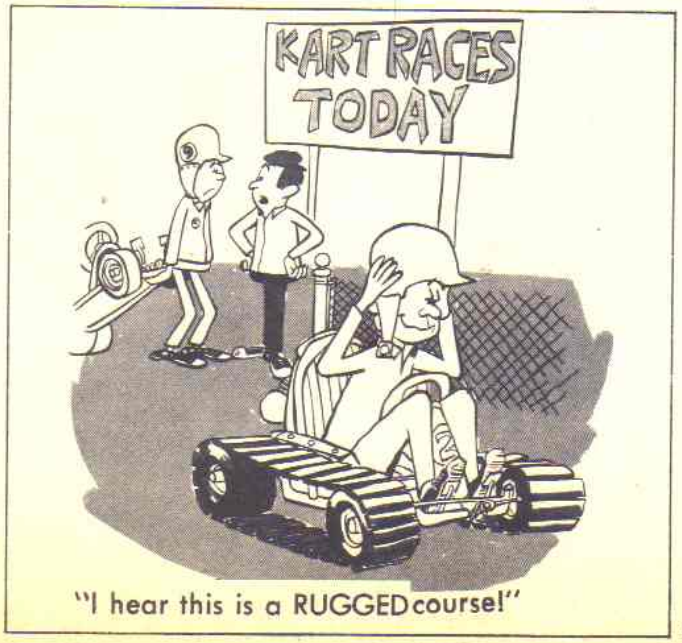


"Okay if I furnish my own Juice?"



"They say breaking 250 is no problem at THIS strip!"





"I hear this is a RUGGED course!"

NOTTA GHOST OF A CHANCE

YOU N' YER SLOT SITES!

THERE'S THE PAD! ALL DESERTED LIKE, BUT PLENTY OF ROOM FOR OUR SLOT-TRACK SET UP!

GASKETS

BAD MANORS

FOR SALE CHEAP!

LEAVE THE BOX THERE, AND BRING THE PARTS N' PROPS IN HERE!

PHEW! MAN, THIS CRATE OF JAZZ IS HEAVY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU HAVENT SAID BOO ALL NIGHT.

EDGAR ALLAN SAID

WOTTA WAY TO SPEND HALLOWEEN!

YEAH, BUT WHEN WE GONNA GO TRICK 'R TREATIN'?

MAN, I LIVE THE PART!!

MIKE, THIS IS ONE SPORT YOU GO ALL OUT FOR! HOPE THE BATTERIES HOLD UP.

LET'S GO RING A DOORBELL, HUH? OKAY, HUH?!

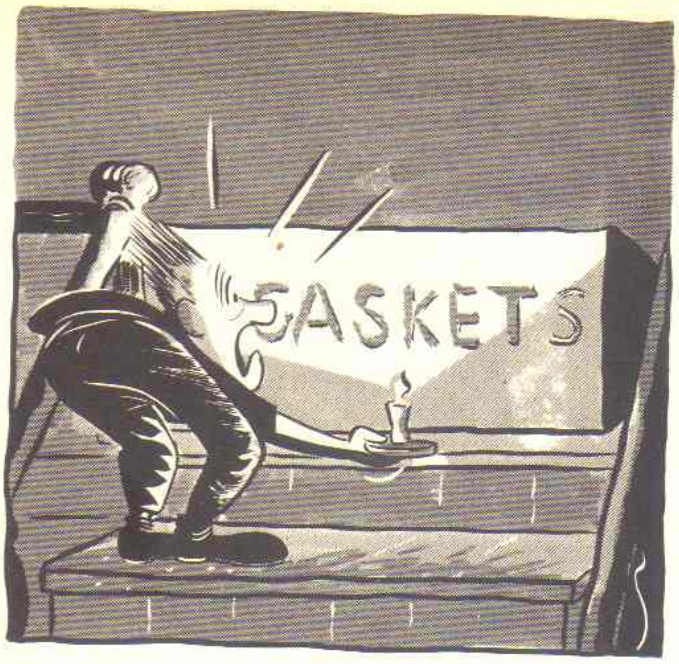
MEANWHILE, DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE...

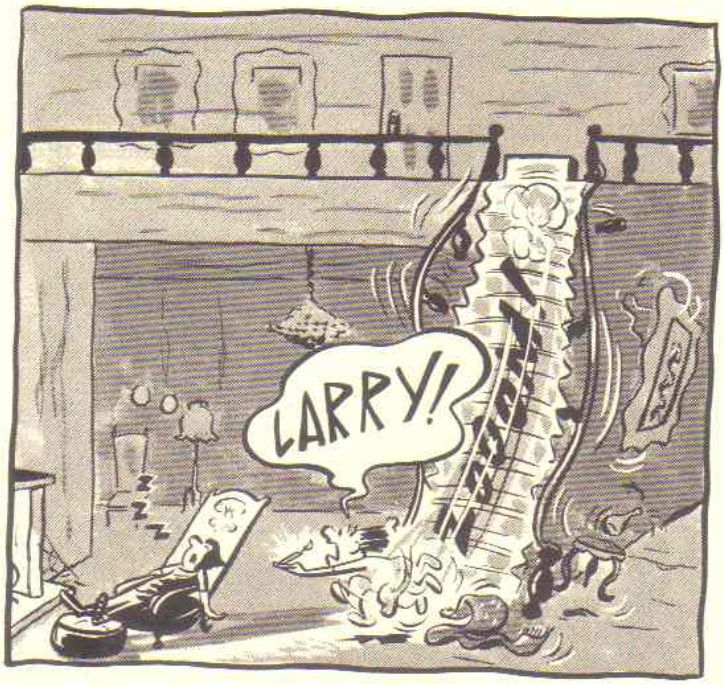
I'M BEAT! IT WAS A BALL, BUT A HUNNERT N' FIFTY MILES IS TOO FAR TO GO TO A CAR RALLY!

HEY, LET'S STOP AT THAT OL' JOINT! MAYBE THERE'S A FIREPLACE - I'M LIKE FROZE!

HI, PUNKIN!

I DUNNO... THIS PLACE IS KINDA CREEPY LIKE!
GO BROWSE AROUND— I'M GONNA CATCH SOME SHUT-EYE.


CASKETS

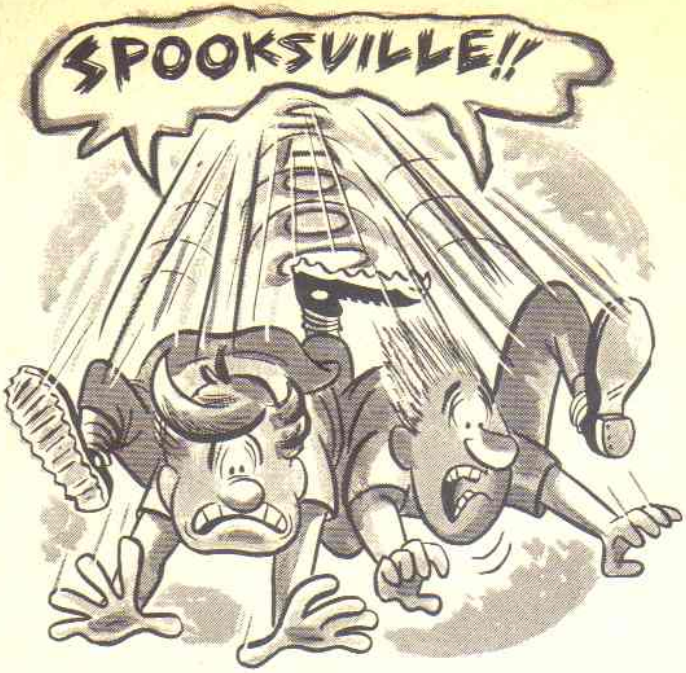

LARRY!

TH-THE JOINT'S HAUNTED!! I JUST S-SAW A CASKET, LARRY, BABY, HONEST!!
MAN, YER HEADIN' FER FLIP CITY! SHOW ME THIS SCENE!
S'POSE HITCHCOCK DIRECTED THIS MESS?!

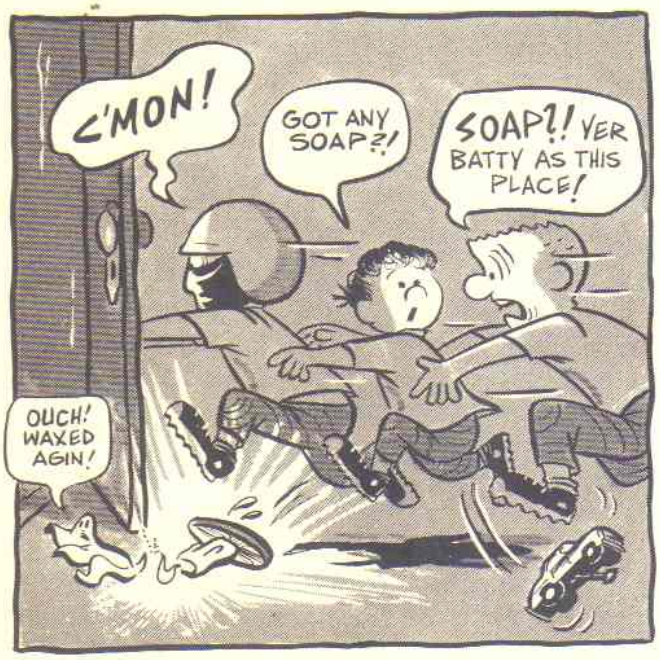
HA! WIPED YA!!
LUCK, MAN, JUST LUCK!
YAAAH— YOU GUYS JUST DON'T WANNA GO PRANK-PLAYIN'— WOTTA FINKY HALLOWEEN!

HEY... I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE— LOOK OUT THE DOOR, MIKE!
ALWAYS ME, ALWAYS ME!

HOLY MAGNETOES!!
WOTTA HORRIBLE FACE!!


SPOOKSVILLE!!

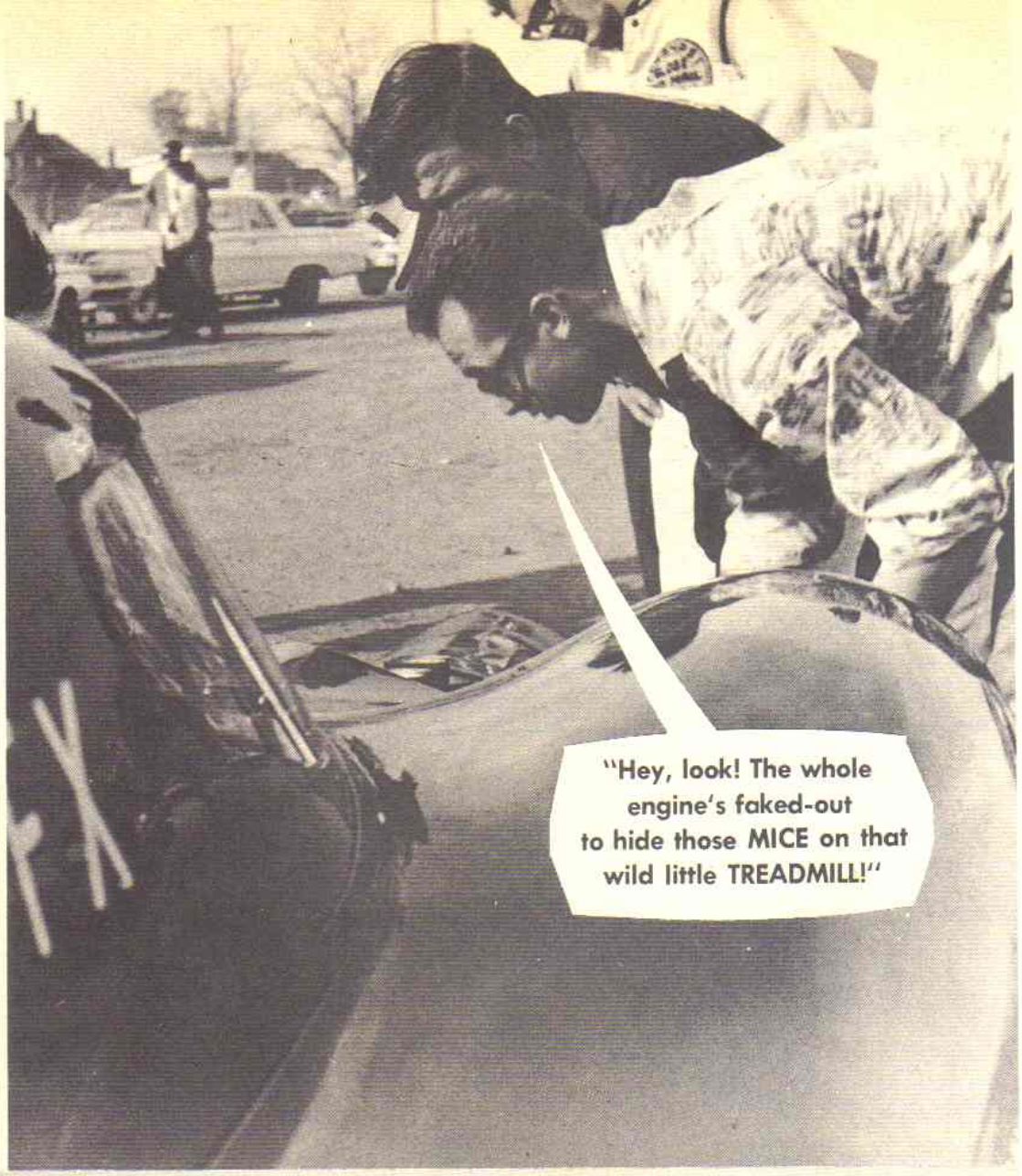
GEE, THAT WAS A BRIEF VISIT. THEY DIDN'T EVEN WAIT TO EAT BEFORE RUNNIN'!
HEY — I HEAR A MILL REVVIN' UP!

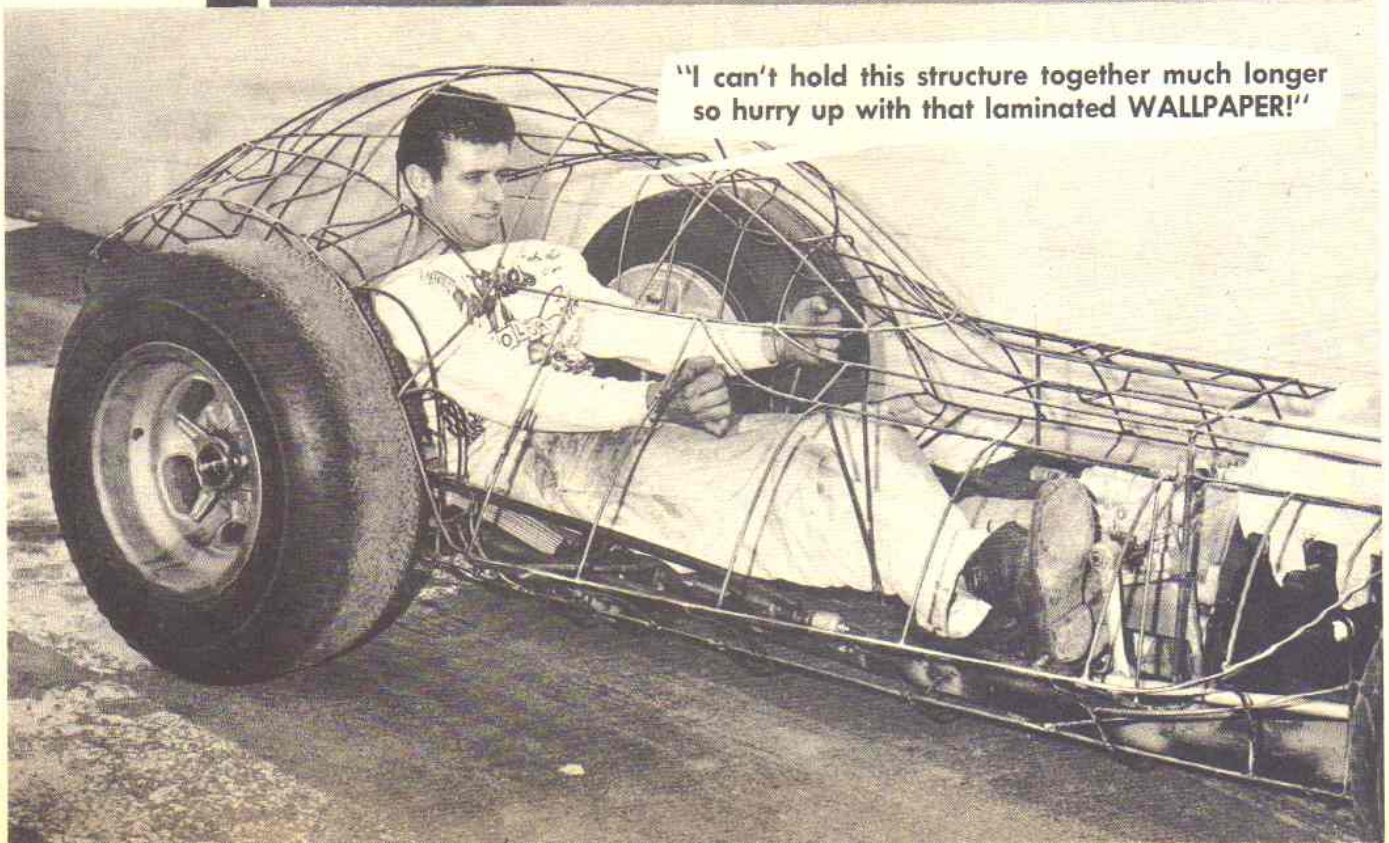

C'MON!
GOT ANY SOAP?!
SOAP?! YER BATTY AS THIS PLACE!
OUCH! WAXED AGIN!

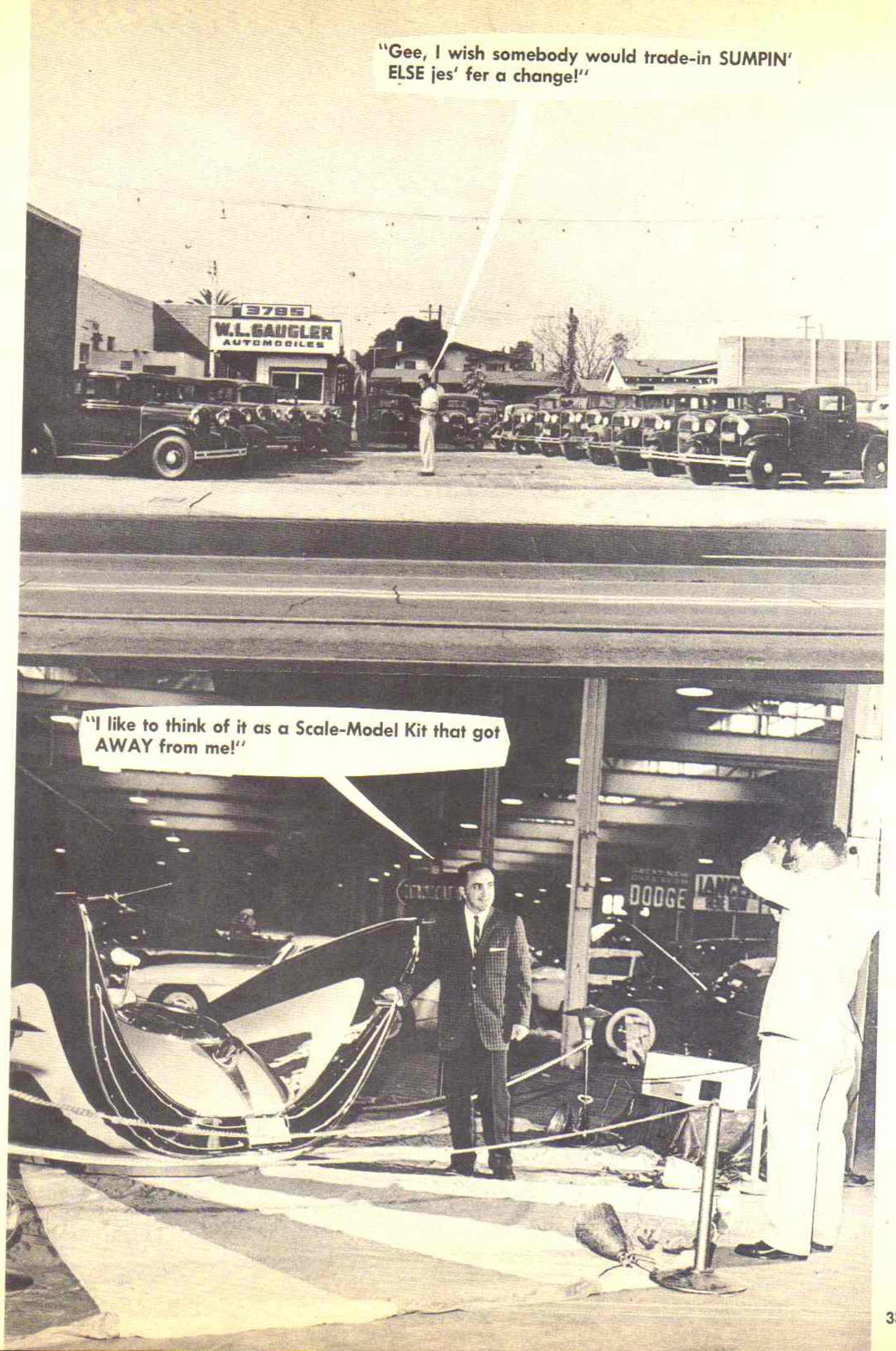
WOTTA LOUSY HALLOWEEN! DIDN'T EVEN GET TO SOAP THEIR WINDOWS!!
KNOW ANY INSTANT PRAYERS!!
PUNCH IT, MAN, PUNCH IT!!
BOOAR
THIS HAS GOTTA BE THE END!
J.BONESTELL

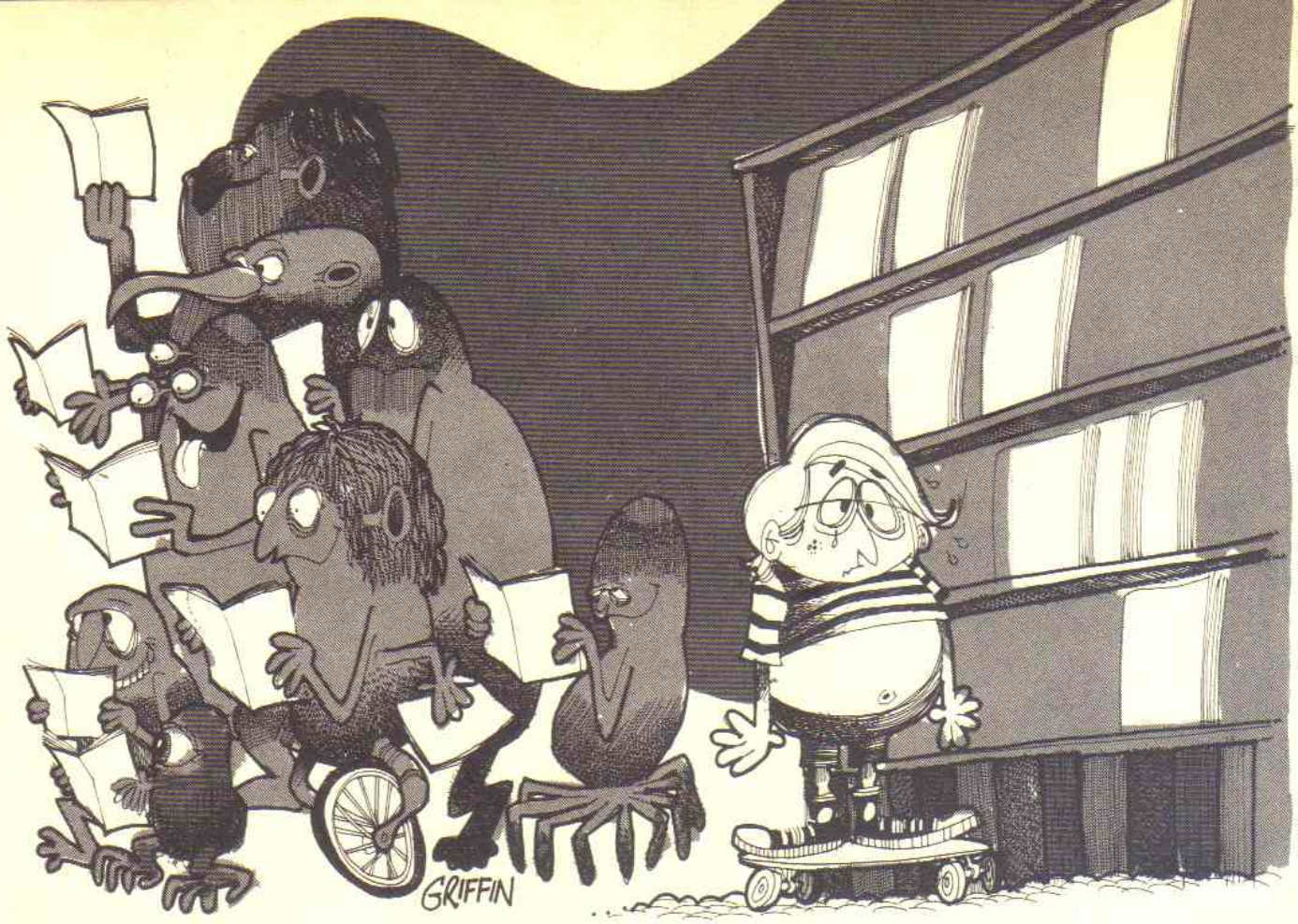
SALTED SILLY

fotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUN






"Gee, I wish somebody would trade-in SUMPIN' ELSE jes' fer a change!"
3785
W.L. GAUGLER
AUTOMOBILES
"I like to think of it as a Scale-Model Kit that got AWAY from me!"
DODGE



Tired of havin' everything else git the LAST one?

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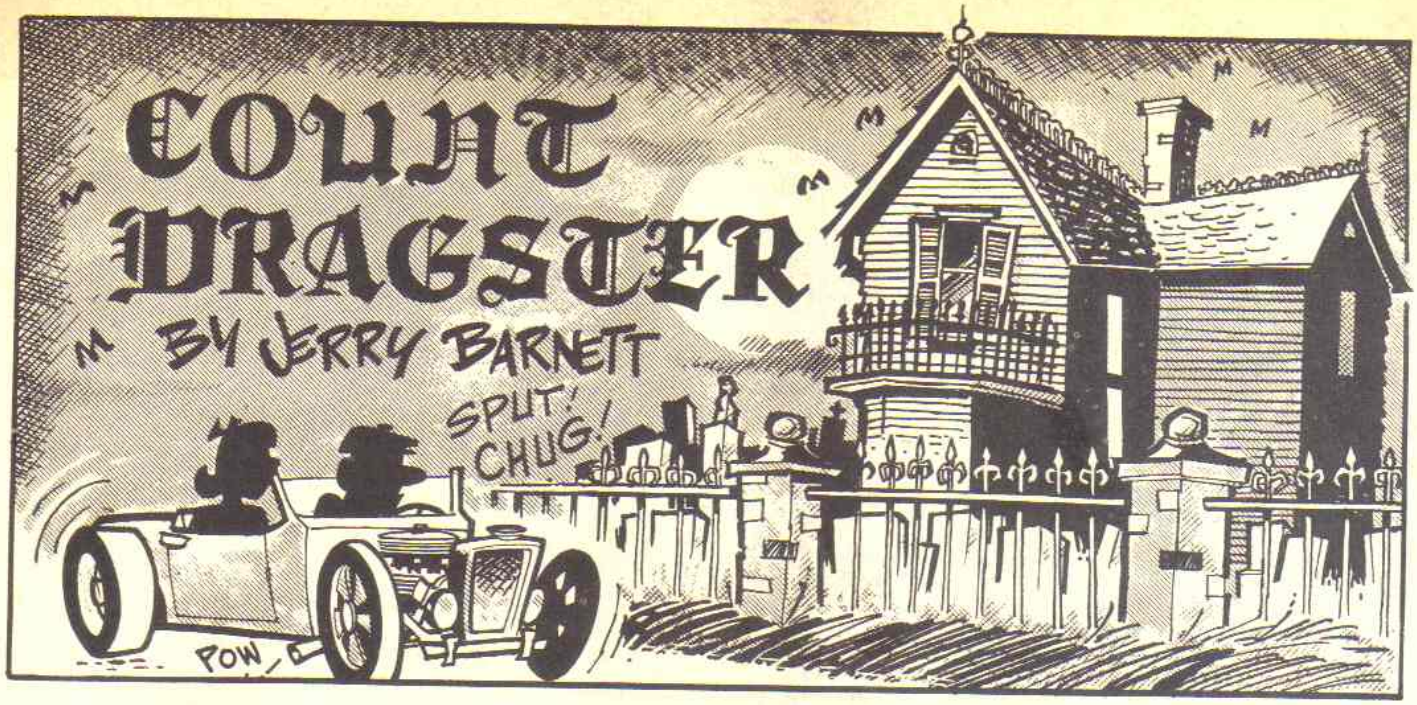
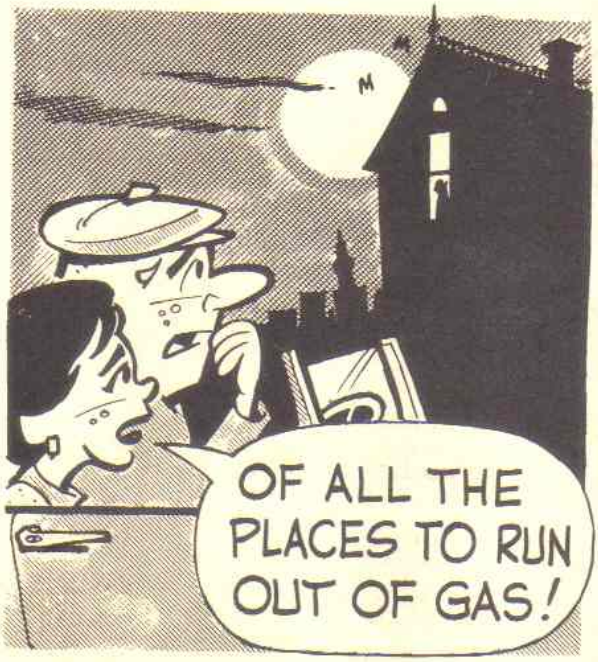
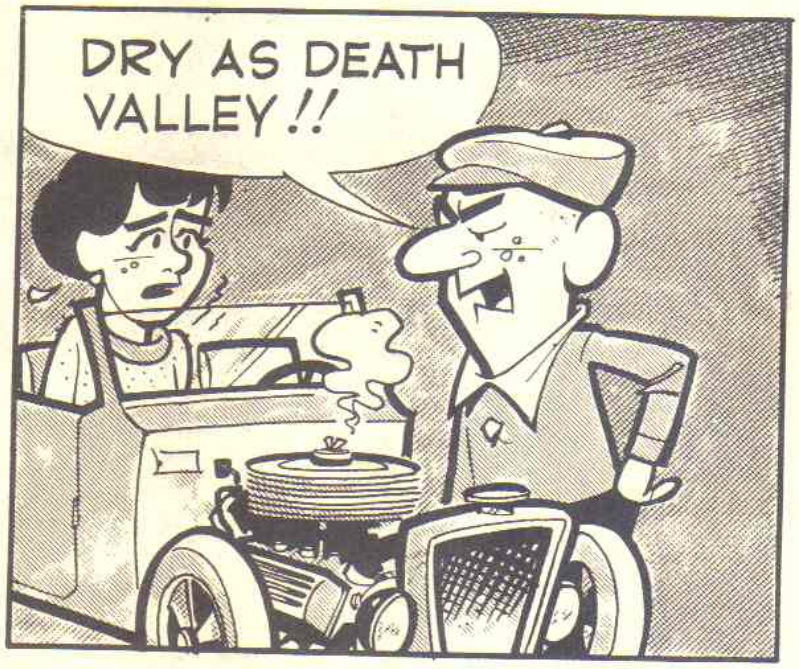

COUNT DRAGSTER
BY JERRY BARNETT
SPUT! CHUG!
POW


OF ALL THE PLACES TO RUN OUT OF GAS!


DRY AS DEATH VALLEY!!

MUCH AS I HATE TO, WE'LL HAVE TO BUM A BIT OF PETROL!

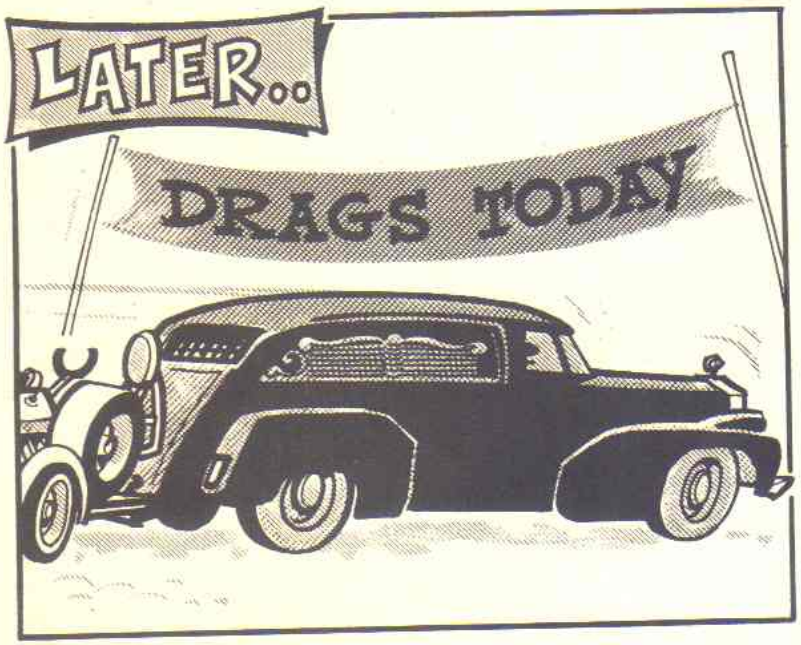
GOO-O-TH EV-E-ENING!
YIP!
GULP!
ZIP
SLOBBER! GASP! WHAT A SETUP!!
? ? ?

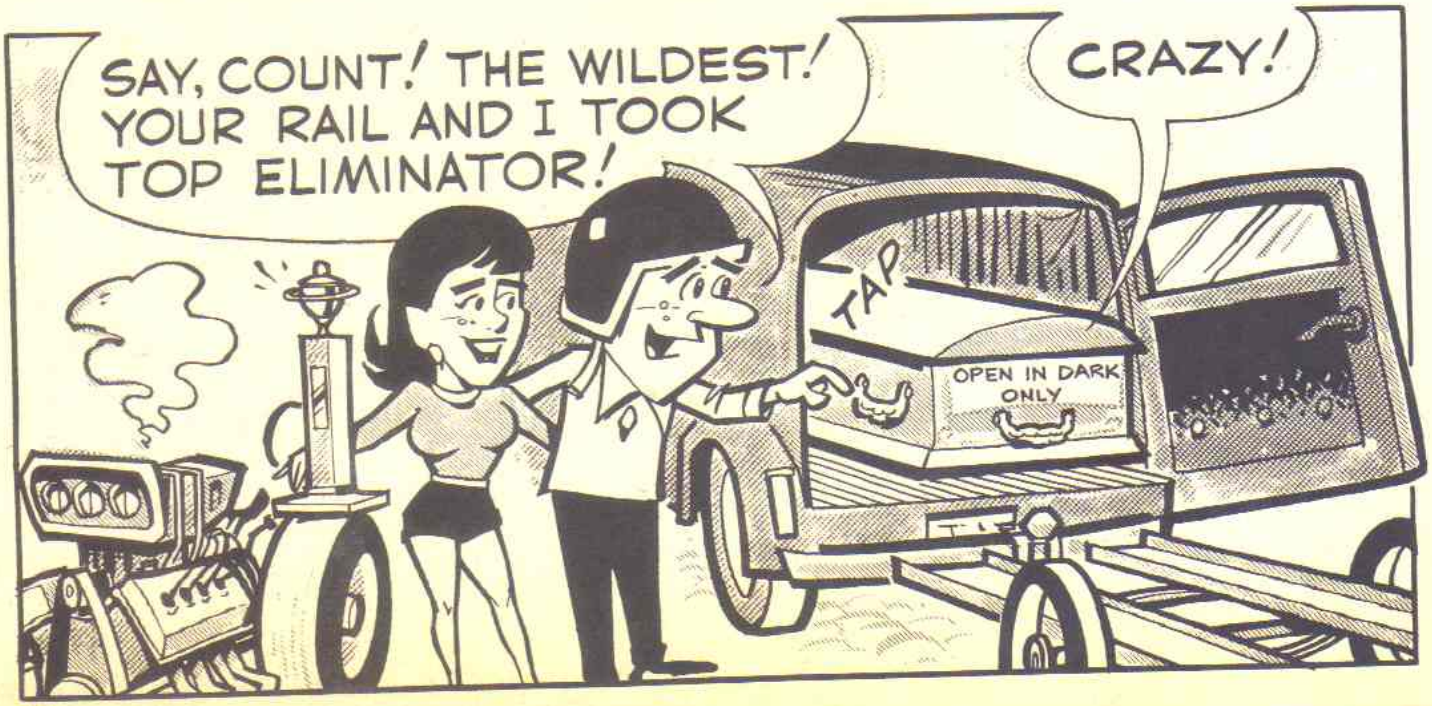
COME, LET ME SHOW YOU SOME GOODIES IN MY LABORATORY!
OK! ANYONE WHO DIGS MILLS CAN'T BE ALL BAD!
ZOWIE! WHAT A PAD!
FUEL TYPE A
MAN, THIS IS THE LIVING END!!
WITH ALL THESE COOL FIXIN'S, HOW COME WE NEVER DIG YOU AT THE DRAGS?

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS! NO DAY-LITE KICKS. SPOILS MY WHOLE LIFE! SOB!

NOT ALL IS LOST. I'VE AN IDEA!
SNIFF! SOB! SPIT!

BUZZZ


LATER...
DRAGS TODAY


SAY, COUNT! THE WILDEST! YOUR RAIL AND I TOOK TOP ELIMINATOR!
CRAZY!
TAP
OPEN IN DARK ONLY

The surf shall *rise* again . . .

. . . and *while* you're sitting around waiting for it you should be digging SURFTOONS, our newest humor-howl. If you're truly stoked on surfing and skateboarding you'll really get your jollies outa this 52-page hunka cartoon hysteria. Featuring Rick Griffin (creator of MURPHY), Teacher/Dormer (co-creators of HOT CURL) and many other wild, surftooning talents, this book is practically a necessity of life for the suntanned set.

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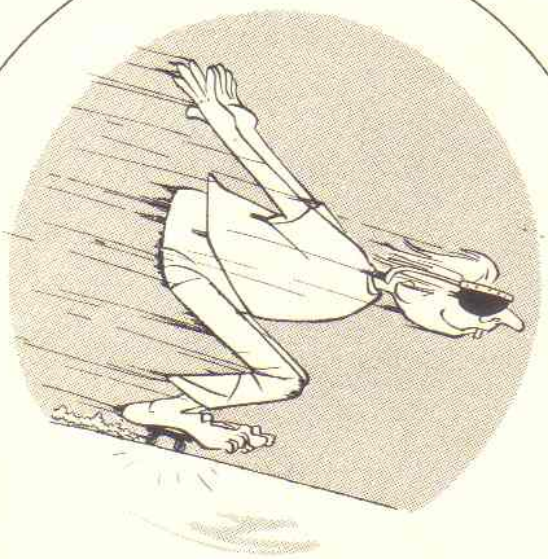
Annual *SKATEBOARDING AWARDS*

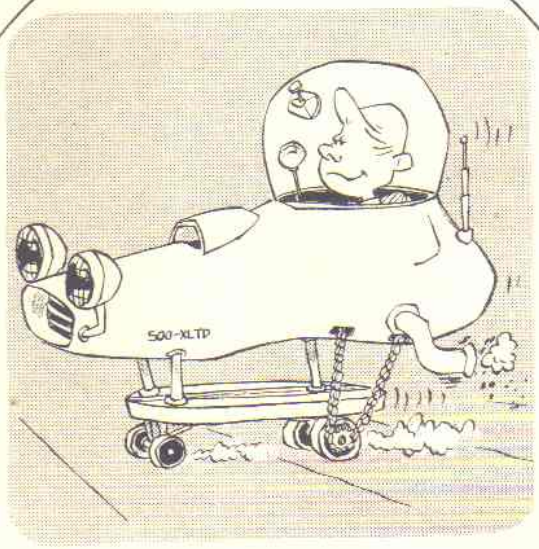


MYRON Q. MYOPIA is awarded a prize that would neatly fit into a gnat's eye for having built (and used yet) The World's Smallest Skateboard. Presently, he's having difficulty getting his masterpiece back from the girl who borrowed it for her charm bracelet.

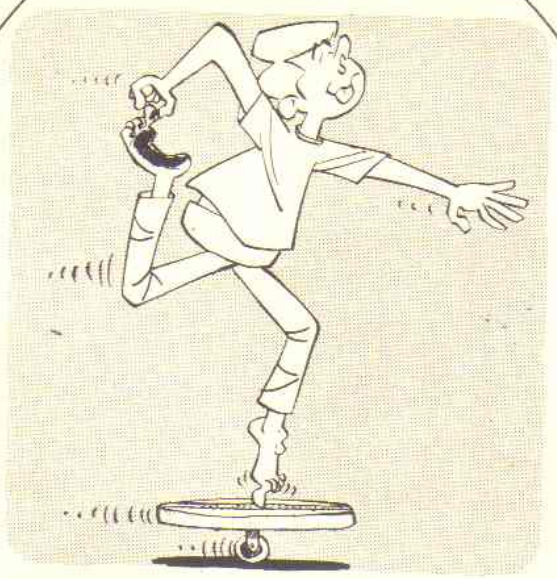
Every sport on earth has within the ranks of its members various individuals whose efforts to bring true originality to their activity tend to make them quite outstanding if not downright embarrassing. The Skateboarding sport is no different in this respect of harboring unique types, all of whom represent a definite stand against Sanity . . .

Text: CARL KOHLER

BOSWELL McFLAIL qualifies for dishonorable mention on the grounds that he somehow managed to keep his footing despite having spilled a half-pint of That Greasy Kid Stuff all over his skateboard prior to a local contest. Anybody that well-balanced can't be ALL Good.



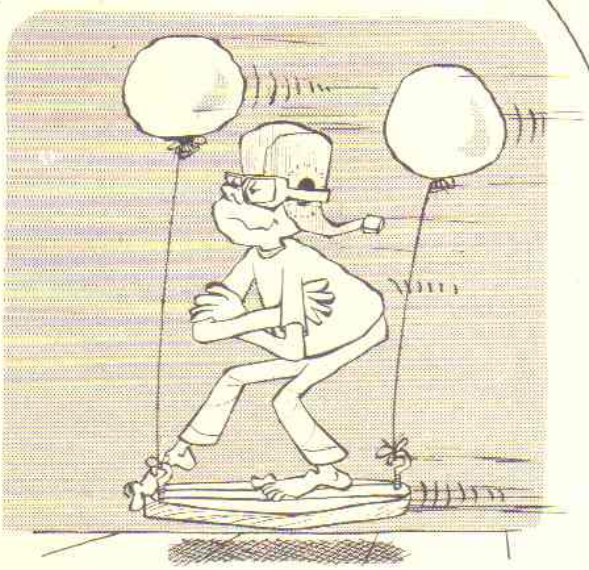
STANLEY O'STATUS surely earns the Pretention Medal with his overdeveloped model—Super Skateboard II — if for no other reason than the dismal fact that it makes every other skateboard in the world look sensible by comparison.



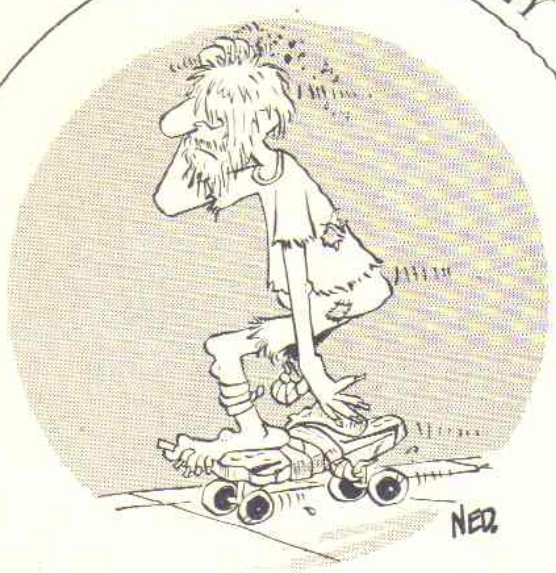
ARTHUR POSEPRETTI, who is something of an artistic athlete, has been duly accorded the Annual Iron Penny Award for his sickeningly simplified single-wheel skateboard which was created because he couldn't afford four wheels.

JOE A. ROUND won the judges' approval for the skateboard voted Most Likely To Go Nowhere. Designed to make its rider dizzy with delight, this appallingly distinctive vehicle will provide a new twist to anyone's life.

Illustrations: NELSON DEWEY



HARVEY HOVER, being a guy who refuses to keep his feet on the ground, latched onto the coveted Lemmons Lighter-Than-Air Trophy for modifying a skateboard to the point where it really Moves Like A Big Bird . . . and quietly, too.

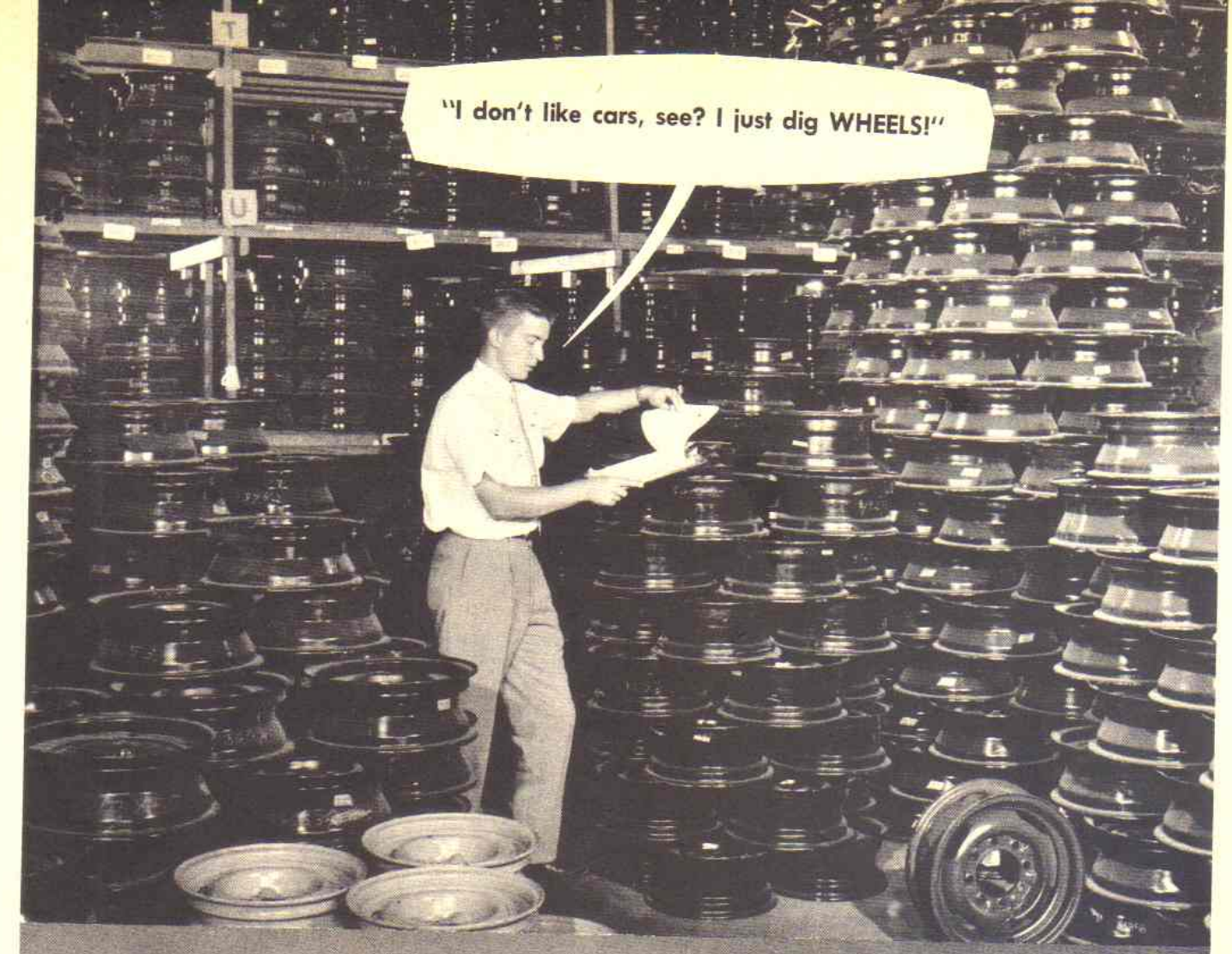


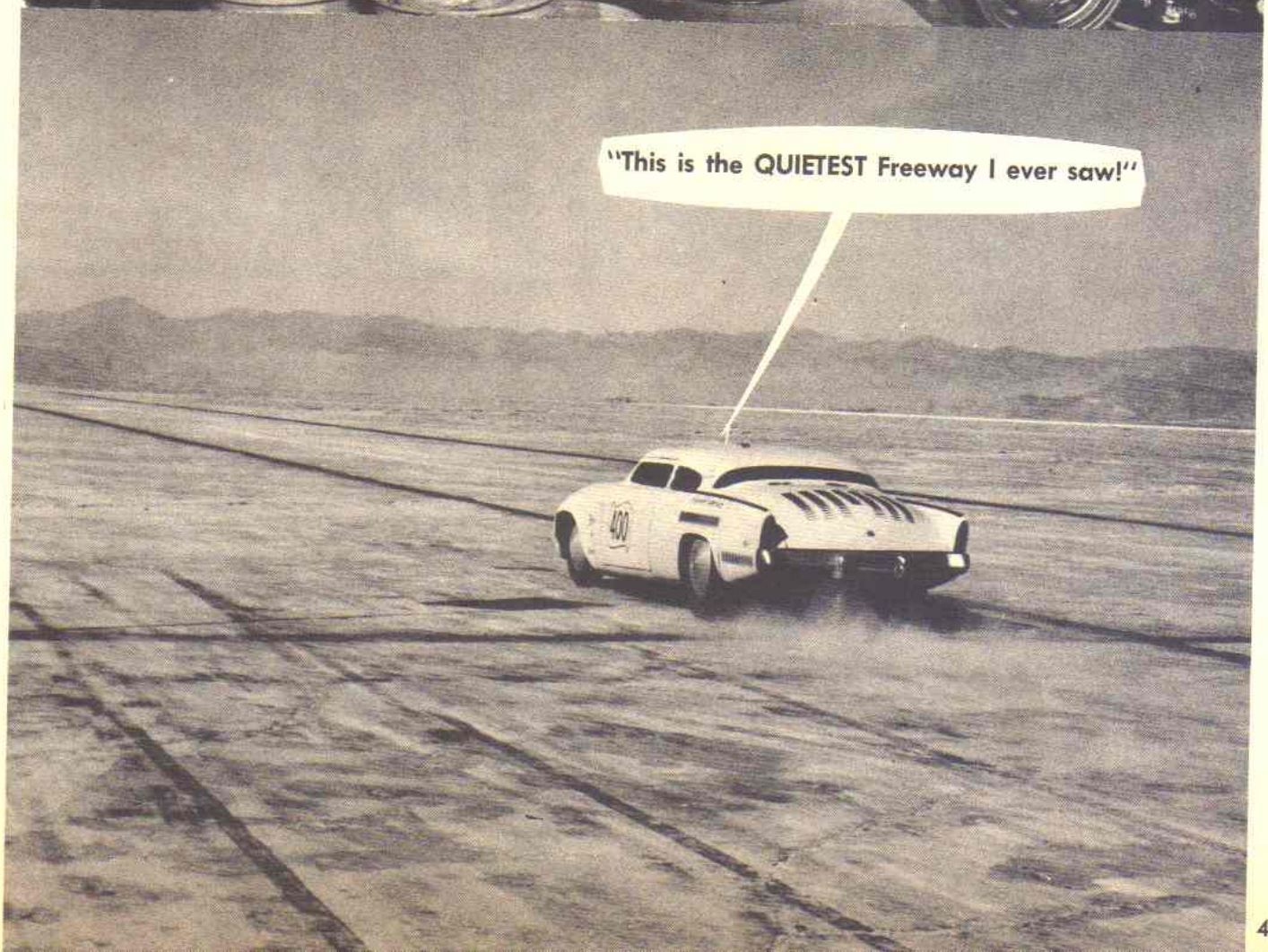
BOB SLOBB not only defies description, his entire appearance defies soap and water. Since his skateboard (an original, hand-crafted Makeshift) is an unclassified mystery, he must content himself with no award at all.

"Why do ya suppose the owner waited so LONG to have this baby reupholstered?"

"Trophy? No, it's a restyled COKE Machine an' the car was originally a Dump Truck!"

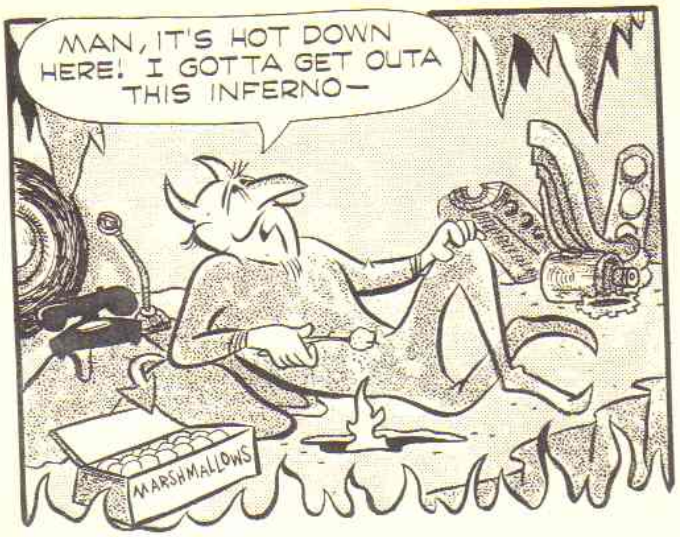
fotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUNfotoFUN

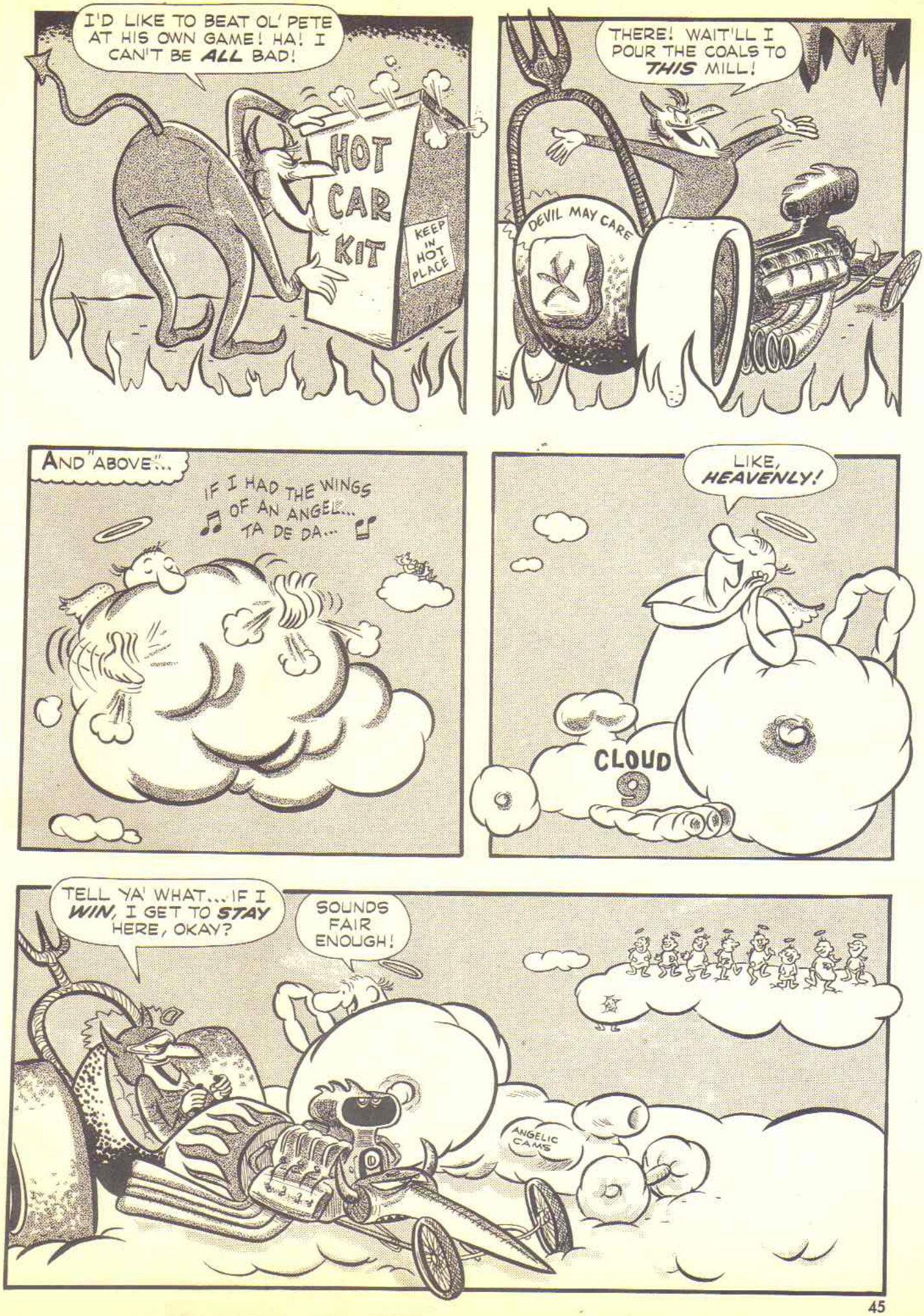

"I don't like cars, see? I just dig WHEELS!"

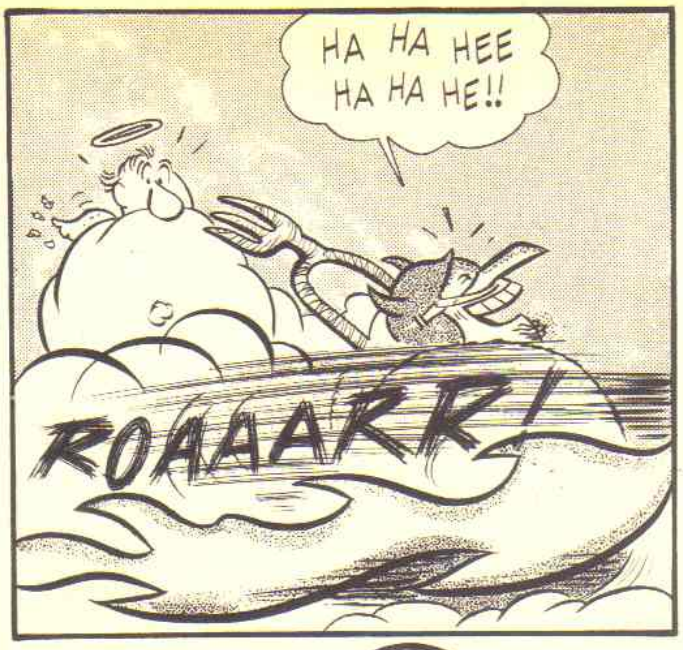

"This is the QUIETEST Freeway I ever saw!"

The DROP-OUT

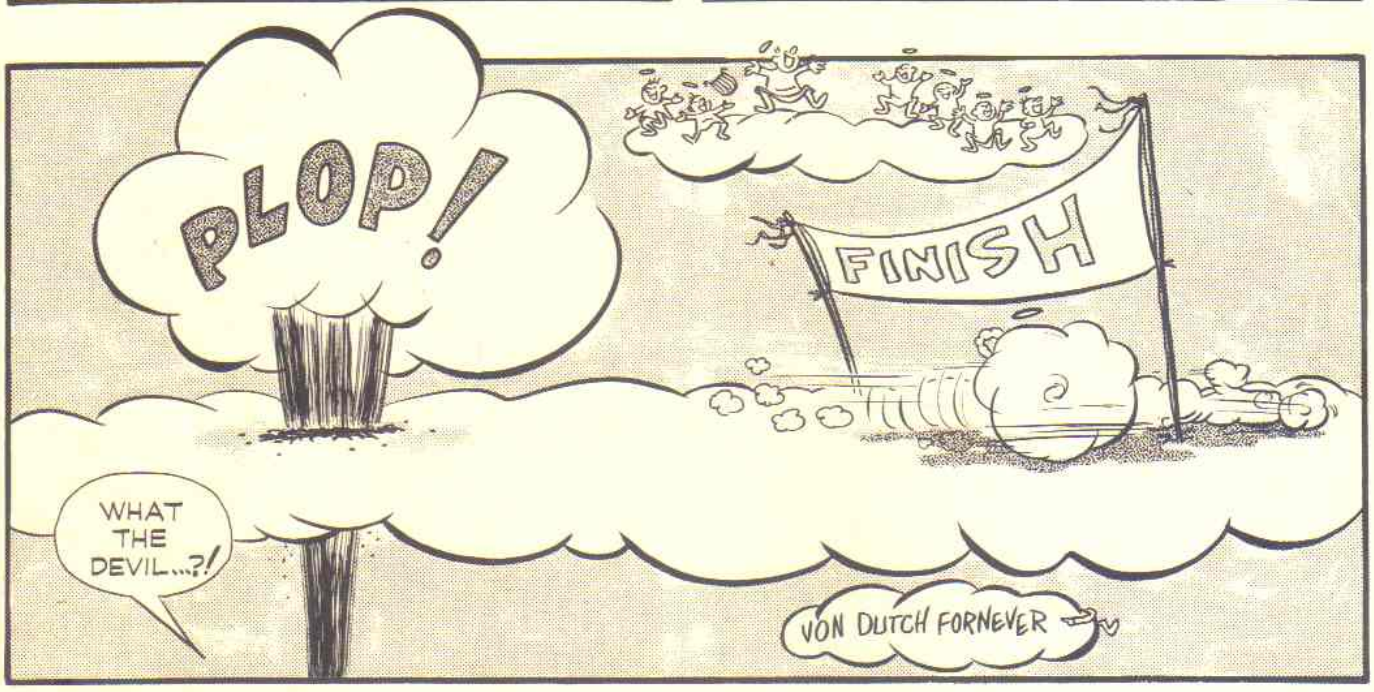
BY J. BONESTELL




I'D LIKE TO BEAT OL' PETE AT HIS OWN GAME! HA! I CAN'T BE ALL BAD!
HOT CAR KIT
KEEP IN HOT PLACE
THERE! WAIT'LL I POUR THE COALS TO THIS MILL!
DEVIL MAY CARE
AND "ABOVE"...
IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL... TA DE DA...
LIKE, HEAVENLY!
CLOUD 9
TELL YA' WHAT... IF I WIN, I GET TO STAY HERE, OKAY?
SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!
ANGELIC CAMS


HA HA HEE HA HA HE!!
ROAAARR!

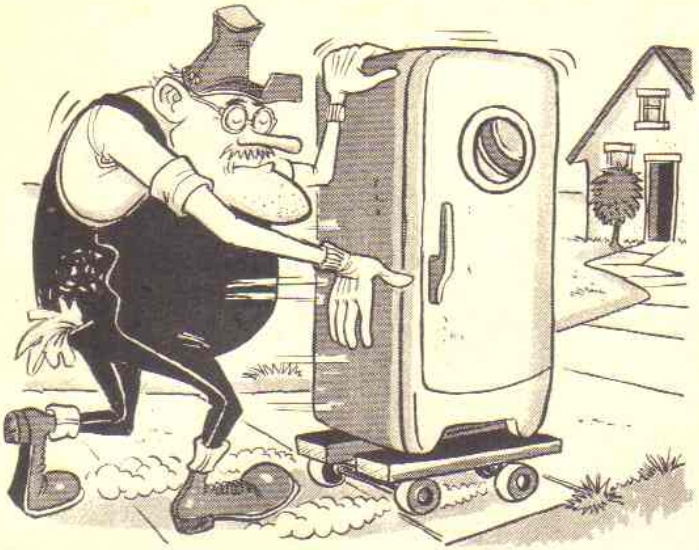
I'LL FRY YA!
F' HEAVEN'S SAKE!
ZOOM

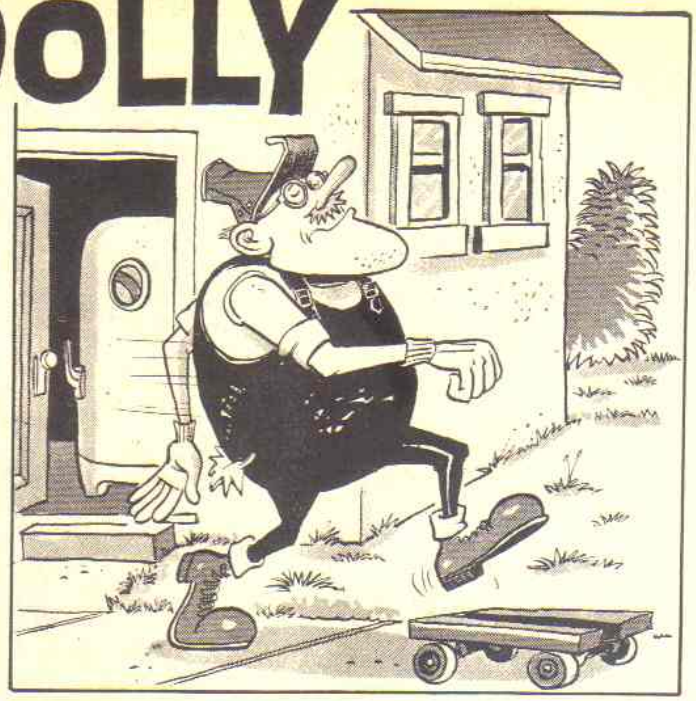

PLOP!
FINISH
WHAT THE DEVIL...?!
VON DUTCH FORNEVER

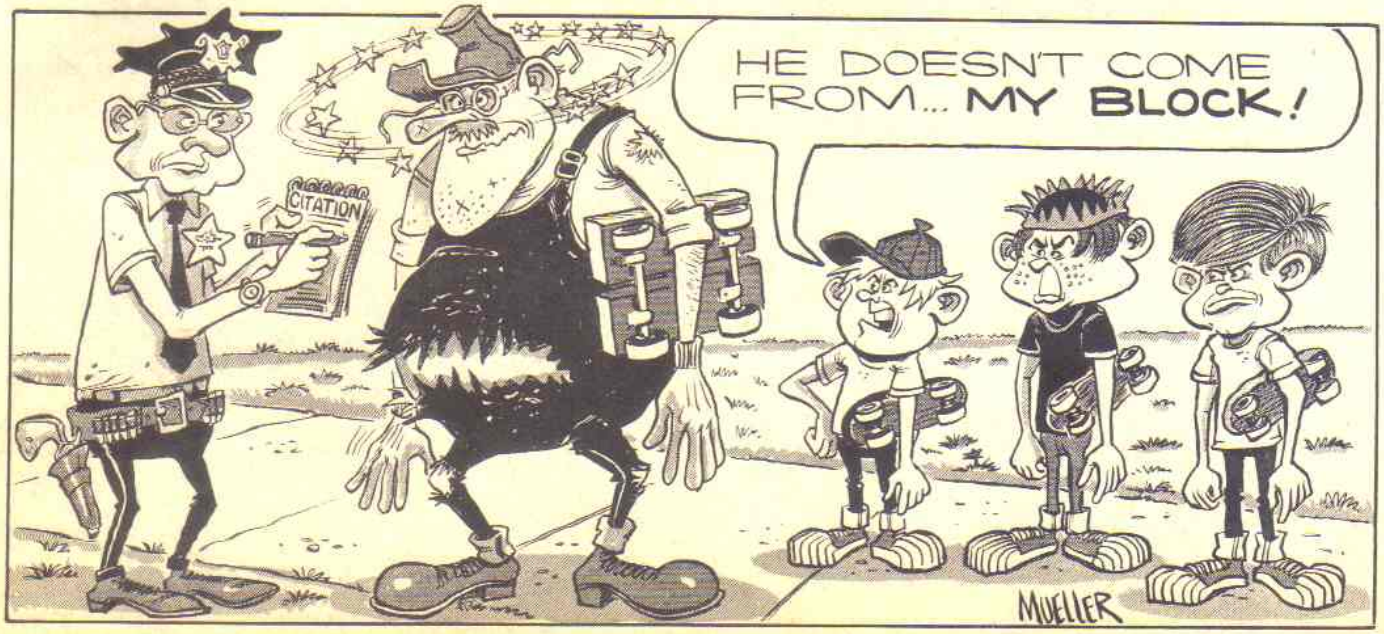
HE LIKE, BURNED UP THE ROAD!
J. BONESTELL

OH, WELL, I WOULD HAVE PROBABLY GOTTEN HOMESICK, ANYWAY!

HELLO DOLLY







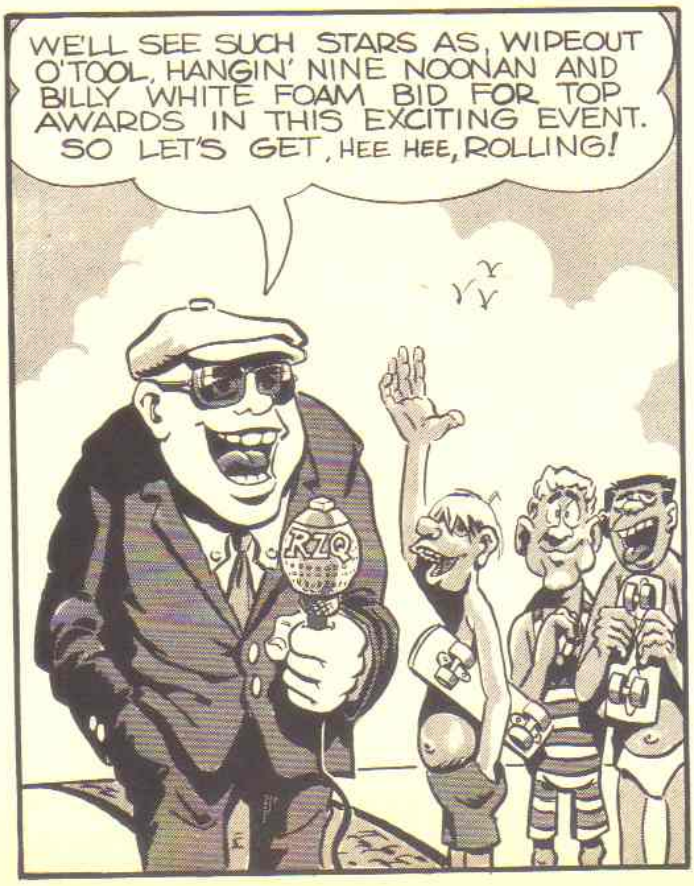
MARKET STREET MASSACRE

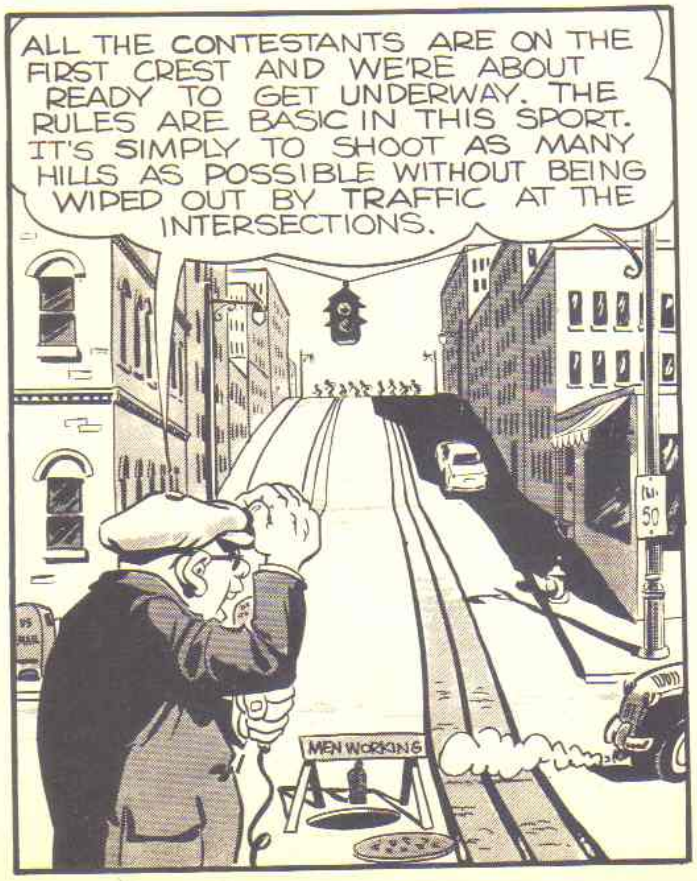
THIS IS CRING SNICKEL AND TODAY ON 'WIDE WILD SPORTS' WE BRING YOU THE SIDEWALK SURFIN' CHAMPIONSHIPS FROM SAN FRANCISCO. THIS BEAUTIFUL VIEW BEHIND ME WILL BE THE SCENE OF THE WILDEST SIDEWALK SURFIN' AROUND. CONTESTANTS HAVE COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO COMPETE IN THIS EXCITING EVENT.

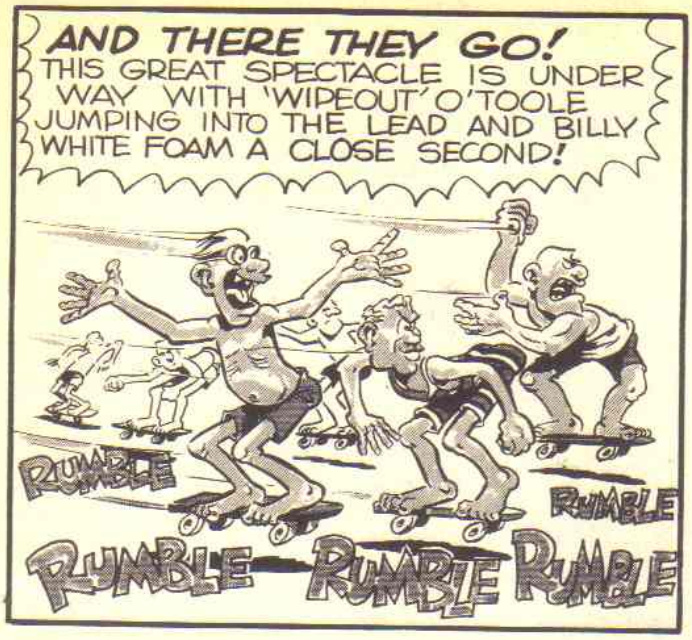
BATMAN

INJUN JOE'S PIZZA PIES

SAM'S PAWN

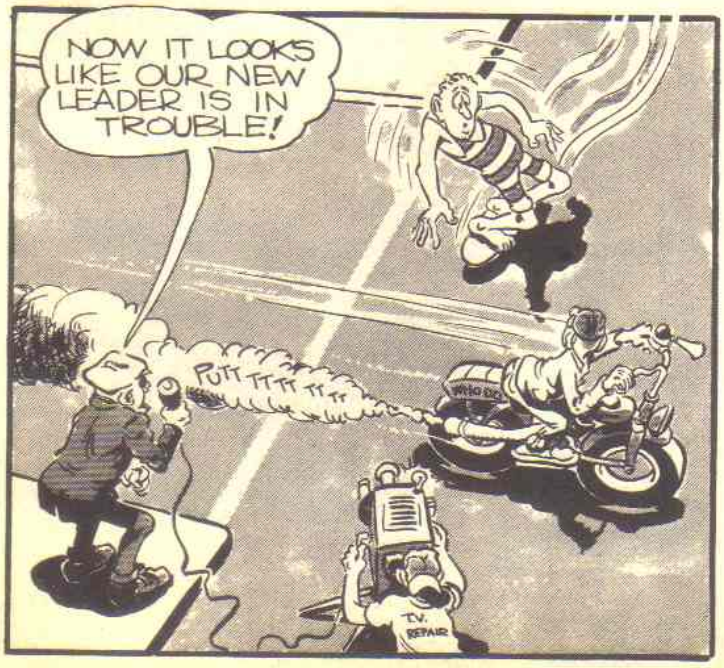


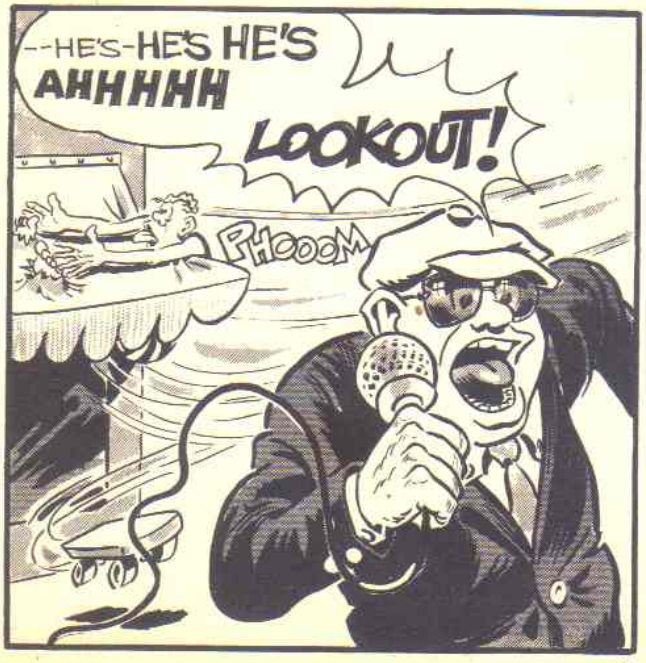


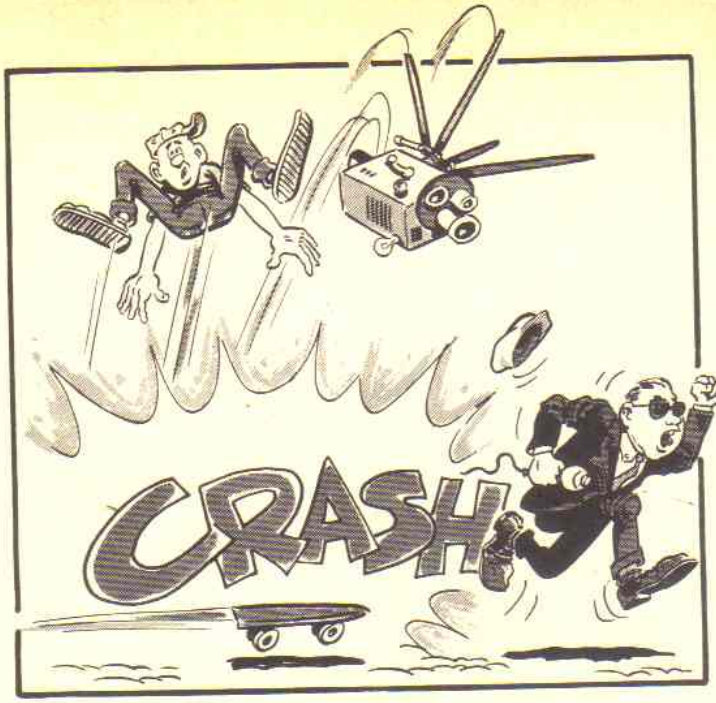

AND THERE THEY GO!
THIS GREAT SPECTACLE IS UNDER WAY WITH 'WIPEOUT' O'TOOLE JUMPING INTO THE LEAD AND BILLY WHITE FOAM A CLOSE SECOND!
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE
RUMBLE

THROUGH THE FIRST INTERSECTION IT'S STILL O'TOOLE IN THE LEAD WITH A GOOD BATTLE GOING ON FOR SECOND AND THIRD.
KA-WACK
POW
SCHCM

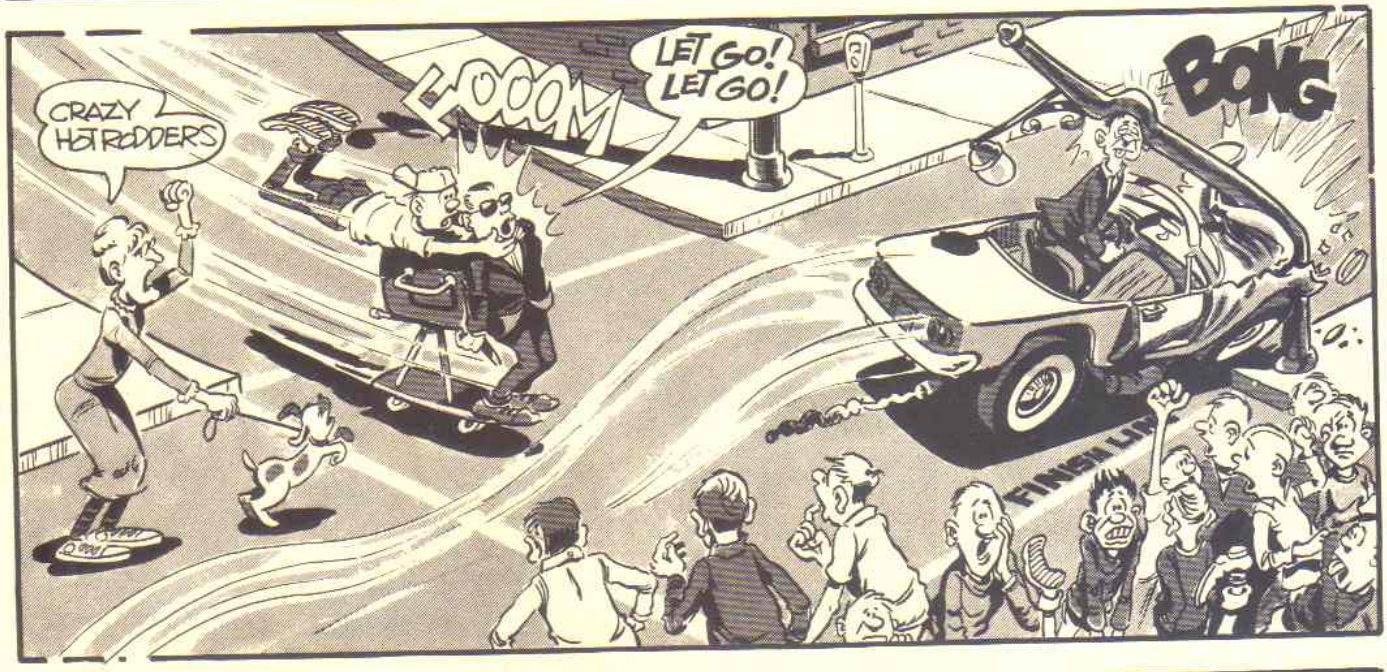
AS THEY PASS PEARSON'S MARKET IT'S 'SPLINTER TOES' JONES TAKING OVER THE LEAD. WHAT A RACE!
RIP
CRASH
SLAM
BASH

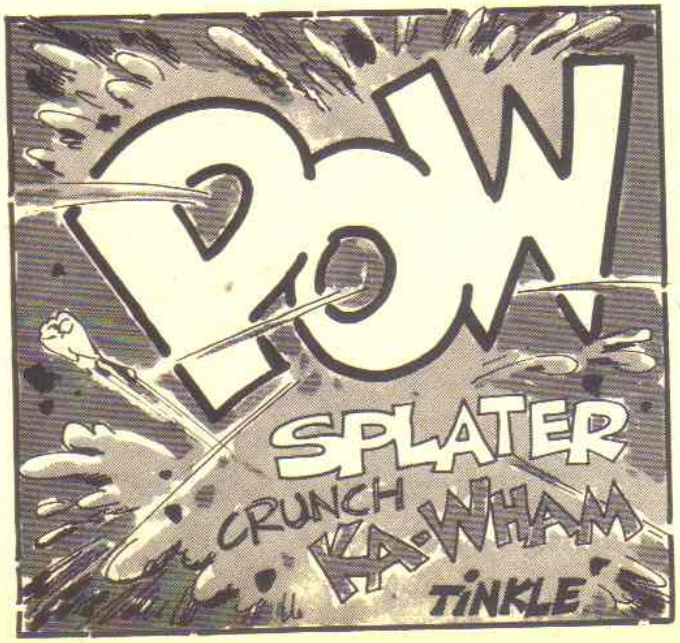

NOW IT LOOKS LIKE OUR NEW LEADER IS IN TROUBLE!
PUTT TT TT TT
WHOOP
T.V. REPAIR


--HE'S-HE'S HE'S AHHHHH
LOOKOUT!
PHOOOM


CRASH

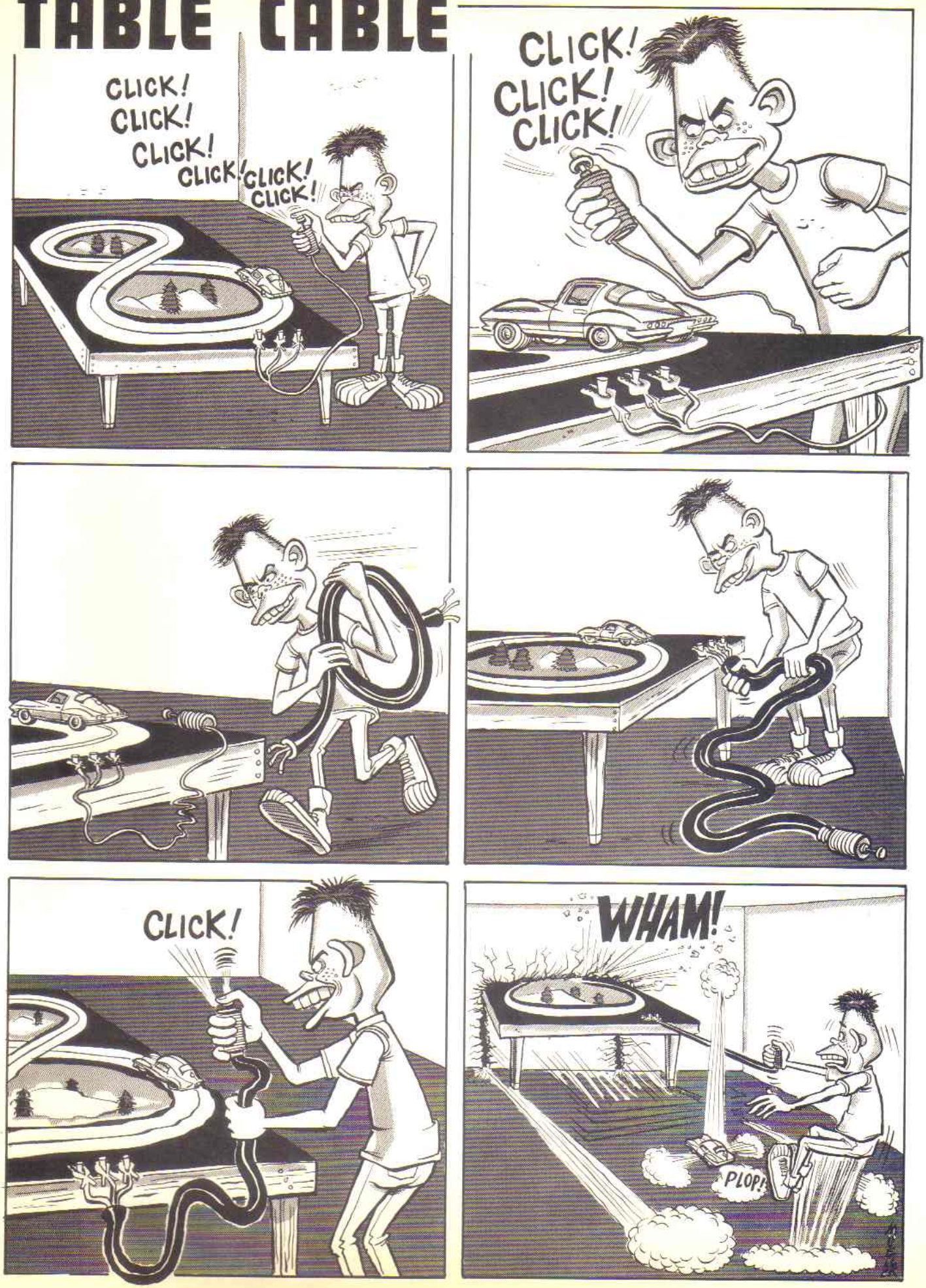
GANGWAY! GANGWAY!
RZQ
FLOP


CRAZY HOT RODDERS
LOOOM
LET GO! LET GO!
BONG
FINISH LINE


POW
SPLATER
CRUNCH
KA-WHAM
TINKLE

THAT'S IT FOR THIS WEEK SPORT FANS. TUNE IN NEXT WEEK WHEN WE'LL BRING YOU THE NATIONAL CAST PLASTERING CHAMPIONSHIPS FROM LETTERMAN HOSPITAL!
RZQ

TABLE CABLE


CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!
CLICK!
WHAM!
PLOP!

TOP
ELIMINATOR